

A CRUSADERS' CASTLE. By H. V. MORTON (Illustrated)

AUG. 23, 1941

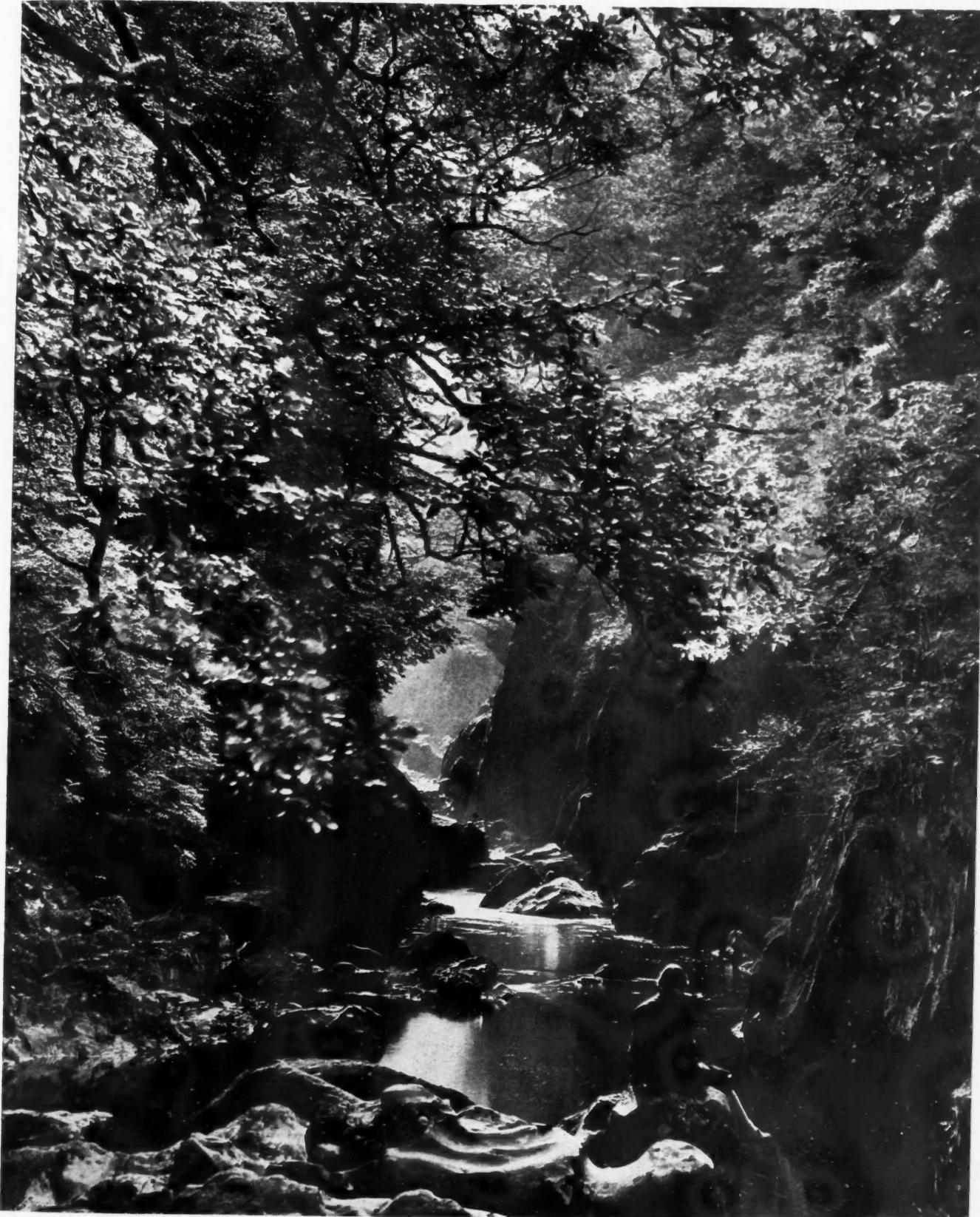
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**SUFFOLK** (WOODBRIDGE near).—The views are exceptionally beautiful. EXCEEDINGLY PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE OF THE OLD FASHIONED FARMHOUSE STYLE. Oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. 3 reception, maids' sitting room, 5 bedrooms. Main electric light. Central heating. Garage. Lovely gardens. Beautiful trees and lawns. Pretty woodland. 10 ACRES. ONLY £3,000. BARGAIN.—BENTALL, HORSLY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

**SURREY** (CAMBERLEY).—HOUSE FOR SALE. 3 sitting rooms, 5 bed, 2 dressing. Usual offices. Charming garden. 2 ACRES. Garage. GARDENER'S COTTAGE. Bargain. £4,500.—Box T. SMITH'S BOOKSHOP, Camberley.

**SUSSEX, SURREY AND KENT BORDERS.** 400ft. up. Lovely position. Quiet and secluded, but only an easy walk from the village and station. 1 hour London. Charming residence, perfect order. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 baths. Every convenience. "Aga". Main water. Electric light. Central heating. Inexpensive, well-timbered gardens. Paddock. 8 ACRES. ONLY £4,000.—BENTALL, HORSLY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

### F FARMS

**DORSET.** INVESTMENT — FERTILE DAIRY, STOCK-RAISING AND CORN FARM of 303 Acres, lying in a ring fence. Excellent farmhouse and 2 cottages. Good buildings and accredited cowhouse. Let on YEARLY TENANCY at £300 p.a. PRICE FREEHOLD £6,500.—Full details of RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

**SHROPSHIRE.** RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE. NO TRACE OF PLANES OR WAR.

Surpassing beauty and absolute quiet.

2½ miles of trout fishing.

387 acres pasture with streams and hillsides for sheep and cattle (including 45 arable and 30 woodland); nice old stone house (needs modernising) with lovely views; ample buildings and cottages. Freehold £6,950. Possession. Just inspected.—WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, London, W.1.

**SOMERSET** (TAUNTON VALE).—FOR SALE, Valuable productive FREEHOLD FARM of about 100 Acres. Charming old-world modernised Farm House. Excellent land. Price £7,000. Stock can be taken at valuation. Almost immediate possession. Caretaker and wife willing to stay.—F. L. HUNT & SONS, Land Agents, Langport, Somerset.

**SURREY (EPSOM).** FARMHOUSE AND 14 ACRES. Magnificent position with unlimited scope for profitable development after the War. Brick and tile FARMHOUSE with 4 bedrooms, 2 reception (one 24ft. by 14ft. 6in.) Handsome range of brick and tile OUTBUILDINGS including loose boxes, Cowshed, Garages, etc. 14 ACRES level grassland surrounded by Common. Remarkable opportunity at £6,750 freehold. Sole agents: MOORE & CO., Carshalton. (Wallington 5577).

**SUSSEX,** amidst beautiful surroundings, ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM OF NEARLY 40 ACRES, bounded by stream. XVTH CENTURY FARMHOUSE (modernised). Electric light. Excellent buildings. Freehold £4,500. Possession on completion.—Full details, RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

### TO LET

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE** (COTSWOLDS). 13 miles Cheltenham, under mile village, good coach and bus services. COTSWOLD COUNTRY HOUSE in excellent order and very nicely furnished. Hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms. Electric light, Central heating. Telephone. Garage, Stables, Cottage. Charming gardens, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and paddock. 6 Acres. 10 Gns. per week, plus gardener.—TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

**RADNOFRSHIRE.** TO LET, A MOST ATTRACTIVE UNFURNISHED HOUSE situated 4 miles below Rhayader, containing 8 bedrooms WITH SHOOTING over about 900 Acres AND FISHING in the Wye.—For further particulars apply to CAPTAIN R. W. WOOSNAM, F.S.I., Builth-Wells.

**NORTH OF LONDON**, 50 MILES.—TO BE LET, half charming country house. Self-contained. All modern improvements. Constant hot water and central heating free. Rail one hour from London. Garage. Shooting over estate can be arranged.—Box 747, c/o COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

### LAND FOR SALE

**HOME COUNTIES.** FOR INVESTMENT, about 2,000 Acres SOUND AGRICULTURAL LAND, fully equipped near good Markets. TO BE SOLD SUBJECT TO EXISTING TENANCIES. In Ring Fence. Genuine Investors only or their Authorised Agents.—Apply Box 733.

### SHOOTING, FISHING, etc.

**DEVON** WITH FISHING. WILLIAM AND MARY RESIDENCE. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 baths. Main water, etc. Stabling. Garage. Very lovely gardens. Paddock. 6 ACRES. Bounded by a river. FREEHOLD ONLY £3,400.—BENTALL, HORSLY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

**SURREY.** EXCELLENT SHOOT TO LET (Food for Winter months). Easy access Guildford. 1,000 ACRES (150 woodland).—Box 750.

### WANTED

**HUNTINGDONSHIRE, CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE.** Wanted to purchase or rent a COUNTRY HOUSE of CHARACTER, 10 bedrooms, 1 floor, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Garages. Outbuildings. Cottage. Main electricity and water if possible. About 9 ACRES in all. Possession September.—Box 746.

**MIDLANDS.** To purchase, a property in the S.W. Midlands, comprising a HOUSE AND FARMING LAND of about 200 acres, good cattle land. The house to consist of 8-10 bedrooms in all, 3 reception, etc.; stabling and garage. Situated on or near lake or river preferred.—Box 716.

**WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.** SMALL PROPERTY. Must be near sea. Small house; fishing; rough shooting of sorts; An occasional stag an attraction. No fancy prices. Might consider land only affording above facilities on which house could be built later.—Box 743.

TO PURCHASE or would rent unfurnished, modernised old Cottage or Farmhouse (3-5 bedrooms) with few acres land. Reasonably near main line station, within daily access London.—Mrs. "M.", TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

### ESTATE AGENTS

**HAMPSHIRE** and SOUTHERN COUNTIES.—22 Westwood Road, Southampton, WALLER & KING, F.A.I. Business established over 100 years.

**LEICESTERSHIRE** and adjoining counties.—HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO., Established 1809. Market Harborough. Land Agents, Auctioneers, Valuers. Property management. Valuations for probate.

**SHROPSHIRE**, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS and HARRISON, Shrewsbury.—(Phone: 2041).

Telephone No.:  
Regent 4304

## OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,  
PICCADILLY, W.1

### SURREY NEAR FARNHAM

About 300 feet above sea level and close to many well known Beauty Spots.

Secluded position South aspect  
CHARMING MODERN HOUSE IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE



Hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.  
Main electricity and water. Central heating.

**Capital Cottage Large Garage**  
Well timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, charming woodland walks, etc., about 4½ Acres

ONLY £4,500 FREEHOLD

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER (16,329)

### SMALL MIXED FARM OF ABOUT 90 ACRES

### CAMBS AND SUFFOLK BORDERS

including

### AN ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE

with 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, bathroom, etc.

### Splendid Set of Buildings

The property has been well maintained and the land is in an excellent state of cultivation.

### FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (F.298.)

### WILTS. ONLY £2,000

About 400 ft. up in an unspoilt typical Wiltshire village.

An attractive old Residence of the Cotswold style

with fine old beams, mullioned windows, etc.

Hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.

Excellent water supply. Main electricity available.

Inexpensive gardens, ornamental trees, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 1 acre.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2210.)

### WEST SUSSEX

In a delightful position high up, facing south and commanding lovely views.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE INCLUDING A GEORGIAN PERIOD HOUSE

seated amidst parklike surroundings



3 reception, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric Light. Main Water. Central Heating.

3 cottages, stabling, delightful gardens and grounds with lake, open-air swimming bath, walled kitchen garden, woodland, parklands and rich water meadows bounded by a river, in all about 120 ACRES.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,100.)

23, MOUNT STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

## WILSON & CO.

Telephone :  
Grosvenor 1441.

### A LOVELY TUDOR HOUSE

25 miles West of London.



£5,000 INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF THE VALUABLE FURNITURE. Perfect rural position. Rich in period features. 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 reception. Garage. Old world gardens. Hard court. Swimming pool. 5 Acres. Exceptional opportunity to purchase the lease of this unique property held at only £50 per annum. Would be let furnished.

Sole Agents: WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

### MODEL DAIRY FARM. 110 ACRES

Rural Surrey. 40 minutes from Town.



### DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

7 bed, 2 baths, 3 reception. Main electricity and water. 2 excellent cottages. Garages. Stabling. Model farm buildings for Grade A pedigree herd.

FOR SALE, WITH POSSESSION

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### SUSSEX

Lovely country, 1 hour London.



### CHARMING OLD HOUSE

IN PERFECT ORDER. BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED. 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Lovely gardens with Hard Court and Swimming Pool.

### FOR SALE

WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

Agents: WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 1032-33.

### AGRICULTURAL PROPERTIES FOR SALE, OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

#### MID-DEVON

#### WELL-SITUATED DAIRY AND STOCK-RAISING FARM

200 ACRES

In a ring fence bounded by stream. Attractive old farmhouse. Ample well-kept buildings.

FREEHOLD £3,950

Possession on completion.

#### BUCKS

Conveniently situated for station and market towns.

#### FIRST CLASS FEEDING FARM

EXTENDING TO ABOUT

195 ACRES

Bounded by the River Ouse and lying within a ring fence.

#### SMALL HISTORICAL MANOR HOUSE

AMPLE BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

Vacant possession.

FREEHOLD £9,000

(Outgoings £35 p.a.)

#### MIDLANDS

#### SOUND AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT

#### BLOCK OF FIVE FARMS EXTENDING TO ABOUT 400 ACRES

YIELD 3½ TO 4% NET

#### 25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON

#### TO LET, MODEL DAIRY FARM OF 88 ACRES

partly intersected by stream. Accredited buildings, with modern equipment.

ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENCE. WONDERFUL POSITION, EXTENSIVE VIEWS. Main electricity throughout.

LEASE 4½ YEARS. RENT £90 p.a. INGOING £3,000

including live and dead stock.

Details of RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

#### SUSSEX

Situated on outskirts of pretty village.

#### A VALUABLE MIXED FARM OF ABOUT 162 ACRES

MAGNIFICENT XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE (5 bed, 2 bath, 2 rec.)

Modern appointments. Capital EXTENSIVE FARM-BUILDINGS and 2 COTTAGES

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,000

Early possession.

#### OXON

#### MODEL DAIRY FARM OF 45 ACRES

in a ring fence WITH STREAM

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE

Exceptional farm-buildings. Accredited cowshed for 16. Fine stabling. Electric light throughout.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,500

Owner remaining as Tenant on Lease.

Particulars of the above and other ESTATES, FARMS, ETC., FOR INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION, apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

## GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

### CHILTERN 800 FEET UP

Overlooking private estate and "Green Belt."



#### PICTURESQUE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE

Part Tudor with old features; 6 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms; main services. Garage, stabling; old-world garden, orchard and paddocks.

20 ACRES

£4,000 INCLUDING CONTENTS

Will be let unfurnished or furnished.

GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (C.6618.)

### HERTS. DAILY REACH

£2,850 WITH 6 ACRES

#### SMALL MODERN HOUSE

3 BED, BATH, 2 SITTING ROOMS, 2 COTTAGES, TOGETHER AFFORDING 4 ROOMS AND BATHROOM. MAIN WATER AND E.L. 2 GARAGES, BUILDINGS, GOOD GARDEN, TENNIS COURT, ORCHARDS, 3 PADDOCKS.

GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (C.4724.)

### MIXED FARM 266 ACRES

#### FOR OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

About 24 miles of London, 1½ miles station.

#### OLD FARM HOUSE

5 BED, BATHROOM, ETC. BUILDINGS, 5 COTTAGES, MAIN WATER ON TO FIELDS AND 2 COTTAGES. The land is half pasture, half arable. There is a tenant in occupation at £300 per annum. His tenancy expired Michaelmas last, but he has remained on temporarily and would be willing to take up a new tenancy.

GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (A.5037.)

### NORTH HAMPSHIRE

Fine position, 6 miles Basingstoke.



#### GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

With Southerly views over private park. 10 bed, 4 bath, 3/4 reception rooms. Main e.l. Good water. Stabling. Garage. Attractive Grounds. Tennis court, walled kitchen garden, orchard and meadow land.

75 ACRES FOR SALE

WOULD BE LET FURNISHED FOR SUMMER

GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (C.3054.)

## W. PALMER & Co., and R. & C. SNELL, Ltd. AUCTIONEERS, ESTATE AND LAND AGENTS, AXMINSTER, DEVON.

### DEVON-DORSET BORDER

Outskirts of small market town 4½ miles from coast.

### CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Stone built with thatched roof. 3 reception rooms, 7/9 bedrooms, 2 baths. Usual offices. Garage and stabling.

Main e.l. and water. Central heating.

Enchanting gardens with stream and ponds.

30 ACRES OF EXCELLENT PASTURE

FOR SALE £7,000 FREEHOLD

### OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE

1½ miles from main line station in a safe area.

#### GEORGIAN MANSION

5 reception, 19 beds, 2 baths. Main electric. Own water. Central heating. Park of 40 acres. Lodge and cottage. Woodlands.

IN ALL ABOUT 60 ACRES

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

### SALE BY AUCTION

AT AXMINSTER, AUGUST 28th, 1941.

### ESTATE OF THE LATE WM. McKINNEL, ESQ.,

#### "MOUNTFIELD"

#### A HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE

in the peaceful village of Musbury, Axminster.

5 reception, 9/12 beds, 2 baths. Main electricity. Own water. Central heating. Delightful and secluded grounds of

9 ACRES

Vacant possession. 3 Cottages.

Solicitor: CECIL FORWARD, Esq., Law Chambers, Axminster.

### F FARMS FOR INVESTMENT

#### DORSET

#### BLOCK OF 3 FARMS

288 Acres Let at £530 - - £11,000

134 Acres Let at £200 - - £3,000

#### SOMERSET

97-Acre Dairy Farm £5,000 with Possession

44, ST. JAMES'S  
PLACE, S.W.1.

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AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES  
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### WEST SUSSEX 18th CENTURY RESIDENCE

SURROUNDED BY OWN LANDS OF OVER 150 ACRES



One of the Finest Propositions of its type at present available

Owner's sole agents: JAMES STYLES &amp; WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,275.)

### CLOSE TO THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS

Convenient for Newbury and Swindon  
GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE

about 500ft. above sea level, amidst unspoiled surroundings, commanding lovely views of the Downs.

Near village and omnibus service.

Excellent sporting district.

Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 bed-rooms, 2 bathrooms and magnificent cellars.

Electric light.  
Partial central heating.  
Constant hot water.

Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.

ABOUT 20 ACRES

Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents: Messrs. JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 19,671.)

\*Phone: Grosvenor 2861  
\*Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

£2,250 FREEHOLD

BARGAIN

### SUFFOLK-ESSEX BORDERS

¼ mile from Village. R.U.C. 4 miles.

#### XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE

Restored and modernised. Electric light. Main drainage and water. Central heating.

2 reception, sun parlour, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

GARAGE, HARD TENNIS COURT. SWIMMING POOL.  
Gardens, kitchen garden, etc., 1½ ACRES.

TRESIDDER &amp; Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.I. (18,470.)

£4,250

24 ACRES

### DEVON

Between Exeter and Okehampton, 600ft. up. Extensive views.

#### FINE GEORGIAN TYPE RESIDENCE

4 reception, 3 bath, 9 bed (fitted basins h/c).

Central heating. Telephone. Wired electric light.

GARAGE for 4. Stabling.

Nicely timbered grounds. Tennis and other lawns. Kitchen garden. Orchard, pasture and woodland.

TRESIDDER &amp; Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.I. (8802.)

### WANTED

**WANTED FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSE,**  
7/10 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Daily reach London. Not on clay soil.—TRESIDDER & Co.,  
77, South Audley Street, W.I. (Lady S.).

**WANTED TO RENT UNFURNISHED,** within 50 miles of London (good train service), a COUNTRY HOUSE of character (7/10 bedrooms). Sunny aspect, nice garden, garage and outbuildings. Cottage if possible, and held 4-6 ACRES.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.I. (S.L.)

**WANTED TO PURCHASE,** preferably in OXON, BERKS, GLOS, WILTS or DORSET, mixed farm about 100 ACRES with good house (6 bedrooms). TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.I. (S.L.)

**WANTED TO PURCHASE BY M.P., COUNTRY HOUSE** (modern or modernised) 6/8 bedrooms, roomy reception rooms, 4-20 ACRES. Easy daily access London, high up, preferably N.W.—TRESIDDE

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.I.

### 35 UP TO 250 ACRES

#### SUSSEX

#### LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES.  
3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker. SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms). Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farmbuildings.

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

FOR SALE WITH PRACTICALLY ANY AREA

TRESIDDER &amp; Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.I. (18,249.)

£3,000

9 ACRES

### SOMERSET

16 miles from Taunton. 1 mile station, village and bus service near.

#### CHARMING HAM STONE COUNTRY HOUSE

3/4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms. Main water. Electric light. Garage. Stables. Gardener's bungalow. Attractive grounds. Tennis lawn. Kitchen garden.

Pasture (let).

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5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

SOUTH-WEST SURREY, LONDON ABOUT 40 MILES

### A LOVELY OLD FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE

In first class order and approached from a quiet lane.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.  
8 BEDROOMS.  
2 BATHROOMS.  
MAIN WATER, GAS AND ELECTRICITY,  
GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.  
2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.



An illustrated brochure can be had from the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (Grosvenor 3131.)

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

LAWN TENNIS COURT.  
PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN.

Beautiful Grounds and fine woodland  
merging into heathland and several  
paddocks.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH  
ABOUT 25 OR 72 ACRES

RIDING OVER MILES OF  
COMMONLAND

(16,432.)

### AYRSHIRE

*Ballantrae district.*

### 10,000 ACRES FOR SALE

THE MODERN FURNISHED HOUSE  
WOULD BE LET AT £300 PER ANNUM, OR THE  
ENTIRE ESTATE IS FOR SALE.

THE SHOOTINGS OVER GROUSE AND BLACK  
GAME MOORS PRODUCE 1,000 BRAZE. SEVERAL  
ARABLE AND SHEEP FARMS.

100 ACRES OF VALUABLE WOODLANDS.  
FISHING AND GOLF

All details of the House and Estate from CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. Grosvenor 3131. (16,257.)

### BANFFSHIRE

*Dufftown 3 miles.*

### FOR SALE 3,000 ACRES ARABLE LAND

CONSISTING OF 9 ARABLE FARMS WITH ALL  
BUILDINGS AND COTTAGES IN GOOD REPAIR.

RENT ROLL ABOUT £500 PER ANNUM  
THE HOUSE, DATING FROM 1480, HAS BEEN  
MODERNISED AT CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE.  
4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 18 BEDROOMS, 3 BATH-  
ROOMS. ELECTRIC LIGHT. Garages and Stabling  
SMALL GROUSE MOOR.

IF DESIRED THE ESTATE WOULD BE SOLD  
APART FROM THE HOUSE AND 200 ACRES.

Agents : CURTIS & HENSON, 5 Mount Street, W.1. (16,252.)

### ARGYLLSHIRE

*Kingairloch district.*

### FOR SALE 2,900 ACRES WITH EXTENSIVE WOODLANDS

AND INCLUDING

### THE COMFORTABLE SHOOTING LODGE

Contains 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,  
electric light. Central heating. The Deer Forest averages  
18 Stags in the season.

OR ABOUT 2,500 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD APART  
WITHOUT THE LODGE

Good fishing in the sea and lochs. Rough shooting.  
Further particulars from the agents : CURTIS & HENSON  
5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,300.)

### ENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

184, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Telephone : KEN. 0855.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING can possibly compare with this lovely, fascinating BLACK AND WHITE GENUINE XVITH CENTURY HOUSE. Perfect in detail and true to its period, quite unspoilt. Beautiful wide, open fireplaces. Powder closets. A place one dreams of to one day possess. Here it is, only just in the market. Herts-Bucks borders, near Tring, Berkhamsted and Aylesbury. 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity and power. Exquisite old-timbered barn for additions if wanted, and a setting in gardens of 2 ACRES. Typical of all that is associated with old-world England. Vacant possession. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**—Sole Agents : BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY (as above).

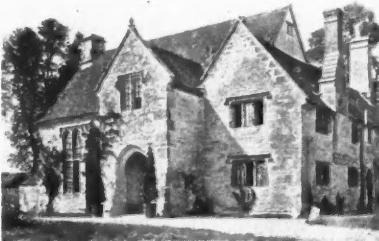
BARGAIN ONLY £3,000

SOMERSET. BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE of Ham stone with mullioned windows, 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 baths. Main services. "Esse" cooker. Stabling. Cottage. Lovely gardens; paddock. **10 ACRES.** First to Offer £3,000 secure (little over half cost). Greatest Bargain in Market.—Sole Agents : BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY (as above).



### FOR SALE,

IN SAFETY AREA



### A SUPERB AND SMALL XIVth CENTURY HOUSE

*Built in Chaucer and Wycliffe days.*  
TO BE SOLD WITH UNIQUE XVTH AND XVIth CENTURY  
RESIDENCE.

"The best of its kind and size in England," was the comment by the late Mr. Hudson, of *Country Life*.

Situated in glorious country next Duchy of Cornwall property.

FOR HISTORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS, see

"Country Life," of May 10th and 17th, 1924.

Apply F. M.-J., Woodlands Manor, MEREDITH, WILTS

Telephone : Mere 235

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone : REGENT 2481

### A MINIATURE "SHOW PLACE" IN HERTFORDSHIRE

*Standing in exquisite gardens with waterfall and streams.*

17 miles from Hyde Park Corner.

THIS LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE CONVERTED FROM A MILL HOUSE.

2-3 reception rooms, 7-8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 luxuriously fitted bathrooms. Central heating throughout. All main services connected.

GARAGE FOR 4 CARS. CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT.

9-hole putting golf course. Private stream and bathing pool. Large kitchen garden and orchard.

2 ACRES



### FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT MODERATE PRICE

Inspected and recommended by the Agents : F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Telephone : Regent 2481.

### HERTFORDSHIRE

30 minutes from City and West End.

### CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

500FT. UP. FACING SOUTH. ON GRAVEL SOIL.  
3 LARGE RECEPTION ROOMS, 11 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS.  
MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER.  
GARAGE AND STABLING.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS INCLUDING 2 TENNIS COURTS, WOOD AND ROSE  
GARDEN, 2 SPINNEYS AND 2 PADDOCKS.

9 ACRES

### FOR SALE FREEHOLD

### VACANT POSSESSION AT ONCE

Agents : F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Telephone : Regent 2481.

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### A CHARMING AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED CHARACTER HOUSE

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c.2

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Lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Constant hot water. Brick-built garage for 3 and good outbuildings. Inexpensive gardens, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and orchard.

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Unusually well-fitted throughout and planned for easy working. Lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, sun lounge, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Maid's sitting room. Garage for 3. Outbuildings. Lodge with bath. All main services. Lovely gardens. Hard tennis court. Kitchen garden and plantation.

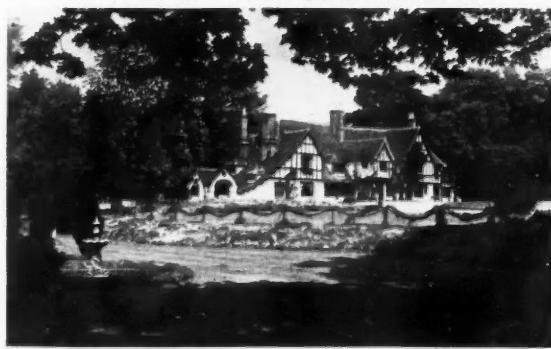
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3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Electric light and modern conveniences. Garage. 2 cottages for gardener. Lovely gardens with tennis lawn, vegetable garden, etc.

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Well matured pleasure gardens with kitchen garden and fruit trees.

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Extra land available.

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## SILAGE OVER ENGLAND

**FOR Mr. S. LANDER OF LOWTON  
ST. MARY, WARRINGTON, 1941 WILL  
BE A SILAGE YEAR**



*Mr. S. LANDER, of Lowton St. Mary, Warrington.*

"After attending a demonstration last summer, I decided to try some silage making. I used second crop seeds and aftermath and made about 30 tons in a wooden container. I have a milking herd of 31 cows producing about 60 gallons of milk a day. In November my corn merchant's store was bombed, and from then until early February I was not able to get any provender. During that period I had to depend entirely upon hay, silage and a few home-grown oats. To my great surprise the milk yield maintained itself well, and I was very sorry indeed when my silage was finished. I fed about 14 lb. of hay, 20-25 lb. of silage and 5 lb. oats on average per cow per day.



Beyond a 6 inch layer on top of the silo, I had no waste whatever. Naturally, my results have pleased me very much, and I am aiming this year at making 90 tons of silage."

S. LANDER.

## SILAGE WILL REPLACE CAKE MAKE IT NOW!

# COUNTRY LIFE

AUGUST 1, 1941



*Hay Wrightson*

## THE HON. MRS. WIGRAM

Mrs. Wigram is the second daughter of Lieutenant-General Andrew Thorne, late Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, The Deanery, Sonning-on-Thames: her marriage to Captain the Hon. Neville Wigram, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Lord and Lady Wigram, Norman Tower, Windsor Castle, took place on July 19. The bride is an officer of the Women's Transport Service

# COUNTRY LIFE

## EDITORIAL OFFICES :

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.  
Telegrams: Country Life, London. Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

## ADVERTISEMENTS :

TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2.  
Telephone: Temple Bar 4363

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*Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2½d., Canada 1½d., Abroad 2½d.*

## THE COUNCIL OF THREE

IT is easy enough to criticise Lord Reith's announcement of the admittedly exploratory machinery to be set up for giving effect to the Uthwatt Report: namely, an inter-departmental council of the Ministers of Health and Works and the Secretary for Scotland. The case for a Ministry of Planning is unanswerable; but is this the time to put all existing machinery of town and country planning, at the centre and locally, out of gear? Procrastination is rightly unpopular; it is not unlikely that Lord Reith is as keen as anybody else on a Ministry of Planning; but we believe, with him, in *festina lente* and that, as yet, more can be achieved—and needs to be worked out—by such a small council than by a newly hatched but half fledged Ministry. Whether these busy Ministers have the time, or indeed the practical experience or technical knowledge, to deal with the huge and intricate questions that will come before them, and take decisions that will mould our destinies perhaps for centuries, is another question. Mr. Alfred Bossom has proposed the immediate formation of a central authority of "experts"—an untrustworthy appellation, but call them technicians, men who know their job—perhaps under Lord Reith's chairmanship, with all the legislative and official advice they need, to sit continuously and work out a definite plan for planning. By delegation and nomination such a body could quite simply develop out of the council of three.

## A PLANNING PARLIAMENT

IF Mr. Frank Pick were dictator, no land suitable for agriculture could be put to any other purpose; any increment to land-value, other than from reclamation to farming, would go to the community; towns would be compact and industry concentrated; and greedy, dishonest builders of ungracious housing would go to prison. In a stimulating pamphlet *Britain Must Rebuild* (Kegan Paul, 1s.), he makes many other constructive criticisms of town-planning methods and foibles, which, he feels, have become fossilised into rigid by-laws; and he also foreshadows Mr. Bossom's idea for a permanent planning council, or rather a "small two-chamber parliament (for planning), one house to consist of representatives of local authorities, the other of those best qualified with experience of the work to be accomplished." It would be amusing to see Mr. Pick, with his opinions of town-planners, on the same platform with Mr. F. J. Osborn, hon. secretary of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, who, in *Overture to Planning* (Faber, 1s.), has also published a more orthodox, if less exciting, programme for the opportunity confronting us after the war. He will receive a good deal of sympathy for his view that planners of the uses of land will make a mistake if they go outside their subject and become local government reformers at large. Provided they get clear decisions from the centre, local planners, he maintains, are well up to their tasks. But, between them and Whitehall, he is for regional councils to co-ordinate national with local policy and local plans within the region. Here he and Mr. Pick would be in full agreement.

## ESCAPE BY CAPTIVITY

FOR a good many in this war the lot of a captive is not unenviable. According to the Moscow broadcasts, some German troops,

at least, find surrender to the Red Army preferable to the tyranny of the Reich. The Isle of Man, too, after the initial period of confusion, seems to give compensations for internment to aliens—unlimited bathing, shopping uncoupled and uncrowded—which sound idyllic to free citizens of Britain. Now it is reported that MM. Reynaud and Mandel, possibly with other French leaders of the old régime detained at Val-les-Bains, are to be interned on the island of Porquerolles. As what used to be the holiday season approaches, what nostalgia is not produced, in those who knew that four-mile-long islet off the Riviera opposite Hyères, by this brief information on its war-time use! Is M. Reynaud installed in the Hotel du Langoustier, designed and furnished by Mme. Fournier herself like a Provencal farmhouse, where one ate the island's *langoustes d'Américain* on the terrace looking across the racing blue channel along a rocky coast towards Toulon? One hopes so, and that he has liberty to walk through the aromatic woods of the roadless island. But what of the proprietress of the island who so jealously guarded its beauty? Mme Fournier is a Scotswoman who, marrying a French engineer after the last war, bought and "created" the island from her farm in the middle of it, surrounded by vineyards, peach groves, and cistus maquis.

## THE SOUTH DOWNS

If I should never see the Downs again,  
Nor tread their buoyant turf,  
Nor drink in through my nostrils that rich tang  
Of earthy growth, well seasoned by the  
Channel salt,  
Nor see again the larks rise from the grass  
In happy soaring flight,  
Expressing in their song all my mute thankfulness  
With theirs . . .  
I never could forget.

If I should never lie in peace again,  
Upon the bosomed Downs,  
And hear the wild bees drone in bugloss drifts  
That make the bluest sea upon the dry-land  
slope,  
And see the nodding scabious round my head,  
And smell the heady thyme  
That offers up its aromatic incense to the sky . . .  
Yet I could not forget.

SILVIA M. SPINK.

## THE TOLL OF THE ROADS

THE fact that the Government has decided to confine its figures with regard to road accidents to fatal accidents might have many explanations, but is not reassuring. The Pedestrians' Association points out in its quarterly bulletin that if the proportion of seriously injured to killed is the same as it was before the war, then 33,000 people must have been seriously injured in road accidents in the first five months of this year. In the same period 20,944 were seriously injured in air raids. Road deaths in the same period had increased by 50 per cent. since 1940. Surely something is wrong? Is it a fact, as many people have the evidence of their eyes in believing, that the partial relaxation of traffic control in war-time has led to a complete disregard on the part of too many drivers of motor vehicles of all obligations to their fellows which are not actually brought home to them in the courts? It is now being seriously suggested that a remedy for our present toll of road death and destruction might be found in the holding of a Government enquiry—under the Ministry of Transport—into every road fatality without exception, just as is done on the railways. Mr. R. T. Lang in our Correspondence columns the other day suggested that the knowledge that such an enquiry had to be faced would be the best deterrent to the negligent—and undoubtedly also to the reckless. Legal consequences would naturally follow, but the first enquiry would be an expert one.

## THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES"

TO all who know Mr. Geoffrey Dawson there seems something fantastic in reading that he is retiring from the editorship of *The Times* "on reaching the age limit." In fact he was born in 1874 and so the bald statement may be true, but it hardly does justice to one who has remained wonderfully youthful alike in body and spirit. Those who were with him at Eton or Oxford remember how he appeared to attain

anything he wanted without any too painful exertion; and he has retained this unruffled serenity, this art which conceals his art. He has never allowed himself to be enslaved, and has always deliberately found time to go about the world and meet many people. Yet no man has worked harder, and he has earned his retirement as surely as he has the affectionate respect of all those who have worked with or for him. After beginning as one of Lord Milner's "young men" and editing the *Johannesburg Star* for several years, he has had a long innings in Printing House Square. In fact he has had two. He was editor first from 1912 to 1919, when he parted from Lord Northcliffe and was succeeded by Mr. Wickham Steed. He returned when Major Astor began to reign in 1923 and has been there ever since; in all, a quarter of a century in a post as arduous as it is eminent, and that in arduous times. It is certain that one so essentially youthful and vigorous will still find some niche in the war effort wherein he may serve his country. Meanwhile he makes room for Mr. Robin Barrington-Ward, long the assistant editor, who thus adds fresh distinction to a body of five distinguished brothers.

## MUSIC IN THE COUNTRY

THE first rural music school founded 12 years ago in Hertfordshire by Miss Mary Ibberson has had many brothers and sisters since then, all now properly affiliated and brought under the Council—of which Sir George Dyson is the President—which to-day rules over the family of rural music schools. There ought undoubtedly, however, to be more of these children, and the first requisite is that all that has been done and is doing should be known. It may sound a little tame to state baldly that "the object of the school is to promote the practice of music in its social forms by providing an organisation through which competent teachers can reach villages and small towns. Students of all ages and both sexes are taught in classes and encouraged to join choirs, orchestras, chamber music groups and music clubs." But this after all is the fact, and it can easily be translated by anyone who knows what music means into human values far more difficult to set out in print. Half a century ago a "cultivated" parson or squire's lady and half a dozen enthusiastic amateurs might have found considerable talent for both vocal and instrumental music within a reasonable distance. A century before that the parish church supported not only a choir but an orchestra, as reference to the happier and more bucolic works of Thomas Hardy will show. The decay of rural music has been largely put down, indeed, to the triumph of the harmonium and the village organ. Whatever the reason, however, a revival and reorganisation was overdue when Miss Ibberson appeared, and it is a revelation to discover in the Report of the Rural Music Schools Council for 1940 what sound work is being done with the aid of the Pilgrim and Carnegie Trusts.

## WHEN IS A GROUSE?

TO say that gunroom opinion was startled by the Ministry of Agriculture's announcement about grouse would be an understatement. It is not that the Twelfth is immutably sacrosanct, but the extraordinary implication as to the feeding habits of grouse: "To minimise the possibility of damage to crops by game." Have Argyllshire (or indeed any other) farmers complained of grouse causing any damage to their rich wheatfields? The tenant of the lone shieling vainly baits his grouse-trap with oats from his humble croft, and even Lowland potato growers believe their clamps immune from serious depredations by famished coveys. Sole witness for the prosecution in this case is Edward Lear's Uncle Arley, sitting on a heap of barley. His persistent search for haddock's eyes among the purple heather is fruitless, and he has long suspected that grouse forestall him in his effort to supplement the national food supply, yet experts of the Grouse Disease Committee found little but heather tips and other moorland products in the crops of birds they examined. But what has the Ministry of Food to say to this stealing of a food source by the Ministry of Agriculture? There are cheaper enough on the normal Twelfth. Wiser to have postponed grouse-shooting to the Twentieth than anticipated it on the First.



HARTSOP BRIDGE, PATTERDALE, WESTMORLAND

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

**The Tit and Peas in the Pod—The Ill-tempered Goldfinch—The Power of Love—Man-Traps and Adders—Water in Hotels**

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

ACCORDING to Miss Frances Pitt, among other lamentable bird casualties the tit family have suffered very severely in her part of the world from the hard weather of last winter; but so far as this locality is concerned our four species—the great, blue, coal and marsh—were all "present and correct" and up to full strength until the end of March. At that time of the year they always leave their winter quarters for their breeding haunts, returning with their families about the time the peas are in pod, but this year with the caterpillar pest swarming in the oaks and orchards I am hoping they will not worry about a vegetarian diet. I watched a blue tit yesterday finding a fat caterpillar under every leaf of a plum tree, and beneath him was a line of peas with every pod untouched.

As for the long-tailed tits I have a suspicion that these birds, like the Beduin, are nomads. Several times I have come regretfully to the conclusion that they are practically extinct, and then, a few days later, I hear their high sizzling note as a tribe of them, twisting and turning in the branches, go through the wood, moving so deftly and rapidly that, as with the Irishman's bird that can be in two places at once, one probably over-estimates their numbers.

\* \* \*

I SAW a magpie having a very rough passage the other evening as a large flock of small birds hounded him along a hedgerow where he had been egg-collecting. They had him so hot and bothered that he could not manipulate his long tail in the whitethorn branches. Apparently the members of the smaller nations had allied themselves together to resist the oppressor on the collective security principle, for the birds were of several varieties, but goldfinches predominated and were in the van of the attack.

### Country Life SHOOTING COMPETITION FOR THE HOME GUARD

**The eliminating round in the Country Life Miniature Rifle Competition for the Home Guard, full details of which were announced last week, must be completed by September 6 next. Entries for the final stage must reach this office by September 20; targets must be shot by October 18, and received at this office for adjudication by October 25.**

My small experience of the goldfinch is that he is well able to look after himself, and, despite the beauty of his colouring, he has a very peevish, ill-tempered expression on his face, for his eyes seem to be too close together. He always reminds me of an irritable, sharp-featured governess, who cramped my style in the days of my extreme youth.

Among other things inherited from a maiden aunt, such as the 1862 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a tortoise, and a giant castor oil plant, was a cock goldfinch in a cage, and shortly after the will was proved I set him at liberty. An hour later he returned in a hurry, with several members of his race "seeing him off," and this appeared to sour his nature for all time. After this he never budged from his cage, but spent the hours of daylight calling to passing goldfinches and, when he had enticed a wild bird to perch on the wires, he proceeded

to make a hearty meal of his hemp seed, taking care that not a grain fell outside.

DURING the days of my goldfinch a friend came to stay with me who had been recently converted to Christian Science, and, like most new converts, he was very devout and full of his new beliefs. After breakfast, having disapproved of my pipe on the grounds that the aroma merely "existed in my mortal mind," he noticed the goldfinch, who was calling persistently to one of his species fluttering overhead and answering him. As the wild bird, still calling, came down and settled on the top of the cage my Christian Science friend said: "Ah, the power of love is wonderful!" and at that moment a most vigorous, venomous and vociferous fight started!

IN a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE there was a photograph of an old sign-board bearing the notice: "Man Traps and Spring Guns on these Premises," and, as this must be in the neighbourhood of 150 years old, it suggests that the paint of the eighteenth century was infinitely superior to anything we can obtain these days. I do not know in what year it was that man-traps were made illegal, but this is not by any means the only notice of this description, and I remember one or two that are still *in situ* even if the traps have long since gone to the local museum or an old iron dump. I was reminded of man-traps the other evening when fishing, as I very nearly walked into an otter-trap that was quite big and strong enough to make a nasty mess of one's foot.

In the grounds of a house in this vicinity the owner has endeavoured to employ what one might call the forces of Nature to scare off trespassers, for there are two sign-boards erected on the boundary of the estate that

read: "Strictly Private. Trespassers will be Prosecuted. Beware of Poisonous Adders in this Wood." This suggests that there is a whole lot of trouble awaiting the unwary wanderer who strays on to this private property, as presumably when he has recovered from his adder bite he will be prosecuted for trespass. Actually, I imagine, there may possibly be a few adders within the thick enclosure, but one thing is quite certain, and that is there are far more on the open common without the demesne, so that if one has to be bitten it will be far easier to obtain one's bite without trespassing.

This recalls the story, probably untrue, of the artist who was making a long journey by rail during the holiday season and who, to ensure that he had a carriage to himself, painted a most loathsome skin disease on his face. It worked like a charm, for at every crowded station at which the train stopped he looked

out of the window and would-be entrants, catching sight of his face, let go of the door-handle with a gasp of horror and hurried away. Then at one station a man with a face that put his own into the background, proving that art cannot compete with Nature, entered the carriage and plumped himself down on the seat.

"I see you have erysipelas too," he said, "and as we shan't be able to give it to each other we shall be all right."

**I**N her Notes recently Miss Delafield commented on the difficulty one experiences in obtaining water to drink in this very well watered country of ours and said in so many words that a request for it during a meal in a hotel, restaurant or dining-car causes usually a stare of amazement and the ultimate production of sufficient to satisfy a hen.

It is not only the shortage of water in most

of our places of refreshment that calls for criticism, but also the unsightly and dusty glass jugs in which it is usually kept. One has the unpleasant feeling that the fluid has remained in them for weeks and been given a fill-up from the tap whenever the attention of the waiter or waitress is called to the fact that the water contents have fallen well below the Plimsoll mark, which is clearly defined on the side of the receptacle. As an exception to the general rule I came across a wayside inn in East Sussex recently where the water in the bar is kept in small, semi-porous jugs, which are made locally, and the contents of these, owing to evaporation, are delightfully cool and fresh. In most hotels small jugs bearing the advertisement of some proprietary alcohol contain the sparse water supply, and customers who do not care for water, even to dilute a drink, use these as ash-trays.

## THE HOLYHEAD ROAD-II

By R. T. LANG

**F**ROM Montford Bridge, Shropshire, the course of the Holyhead road is clear set for the run into Wales. Four miles from Montford Bridge stands the Three Pigeons, a famous posting-house as long ago as 1583, when the Drapers' Company issued a special warning about this road. "No draper," it ran, "shall set out from Oswestry on Monday before 6; he shall wear weapons all the day and go in company." The Wolf's Head, a little farther along, was the highwaymen's haunt; it gained its name from the practice of paying 1s. for every wolf's head brought there when the land was infested with these creatures.

In the churchyard at Whittington lies Fulk Fitzwarine who, seven hundred and fifty years ago, was the Robin Hood of the west. He is claimed to have been the real, dyed-in-the-wool Dick Whittington, although he was never Mayor of London (lord mayors did not exist in his day). He was, however, outlawed by the king, and sailed to and fought on the Barbary coast. It is quite likely that the Whittington legend is a blend of his adventures and the story of the Gloucester Richard (who was not a poor boy), with a good deal of bardic romance over it.

At Ceirig bridge the road enters Wales and rises into Chirk. On the right are the grounds of

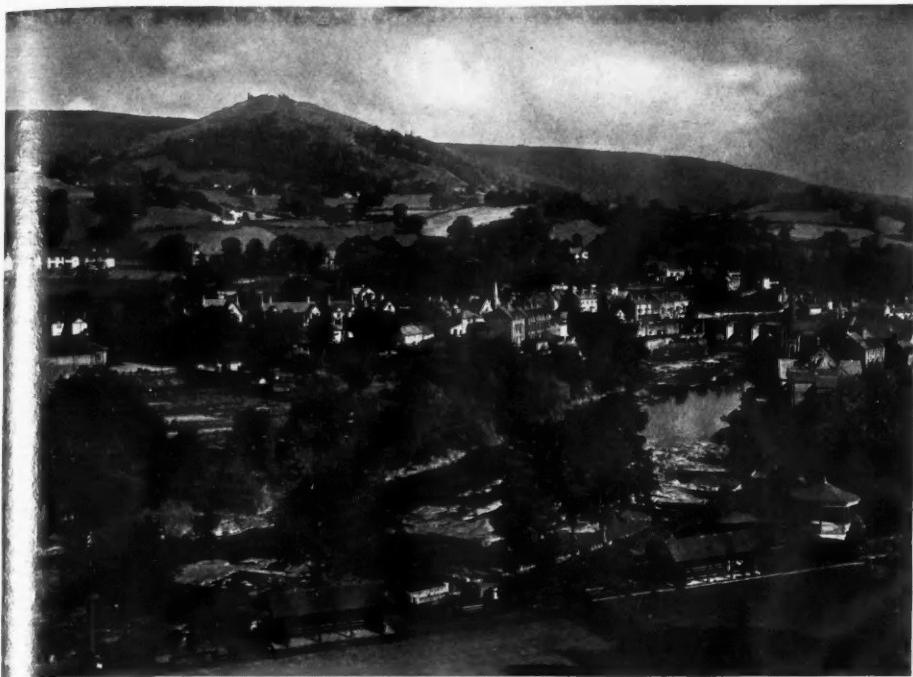
Lord Trevor's Brynkinalt, where the Iron Duke sustained one of his only two defeats—both at the hands of the sex which he admired so much. He came here as a boy from Eton to spend a holiday and got into a fight with a farmer's son, but the latter's big sister came along with a wet towel and laid about him so sturdily that the embryo hero had to fly for his life. In later years she used to tell with glee how she administered the thrashing which "the Frenchies" could never give him.

And so on to Llangollen, which Ruskin described as "one of the most beautiful and delightful places in Wales or anywhere else."



PLASNEWYDD, HOME OF THE "LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN," WHO SHOCKED THEIR NEIGHBOURS BY WEARING TROUSERS

On the summit of the conical hill in the background is the ruined Dinas Bran Castle.



Valentine, Dundee

"ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND  
DELIGHTFUL PLACES IN WALES OR  
ANYWHERE ELSE"—LLANGOLLEN,  
FROM BARBERS HILL

There are beautiful views from the fourteenth-century bridge, but the charms come from the idyllic situation of the place. Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, "the ladies of Llangollen," who scandalised the neighbourhood by going about in trousers, lie in the churchyard; they retired from London society to Llangollen in 1779. Their charities were wide and they kept open house for all the great literary celebrities of the day.

From this point come fifty of the most splendid miles in the kingdom. Llantysilio, just across the river two miles from Llangollen, was the home till her death in 1898 of Helena Faucit, the great actress who was leading lady to Macready at Covent Garden, and of her little less famous husband, Sir Theodore Martin, the author of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*. In another four miles comes the shrine of Glyn Dyfrdwy, the home of Owen Glendower, a patriot whose name ranks with that of Wallace.

And when the evening sun has set,  
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget  
Thy noontide blaze, but on thy tomb  
May never-fading laurels bloom,

sang Iolo Goch, of the long years when Glendower defied the might of England. The stone house in which Glendower kept his prisoners is at Carrog, half-a-mile farther, and at Corwen is the thirteenth-century church in which he worshipped regularly. By the porch is a great stone, which is probably a pagan relic, but which local people will tell you was placed there by mysterious spirits. The runic pillar in the churchyard is over a thousand years old; the stones at the foot of some of the graves have hollows for the knees of those who came to pray for their dead. On the hillside are the Gorsedd Stones, where the Eisteddfod is proclaimed.

There are lovely views of the lucent Dee before reaching Rug, an estate of Glendower's, where his knife and dagger are still preserved. Then on to Druid, which was the last stage of the coaches before the wild crossing to Bettws-y-coed. Through romantic scenes the road pushes on to Cerrig-y-Druiddion, a grey hill village, and just before reaching the village the hill of Pen-y-Ger rises on the right. It was to this that Cractacus retired, to be betrayed by Queen Artismandua and to be taken on the historic journey to Rome. Pentrefoelas is a favourite meeting centre, under the lovely grounds of Elas Hall; beyond it come ten miles of bewildering beauty to the Conway Falls, left of the road through a wicket gate. It is worth while turning on this road to go down and see the Conway forcing its way through the romantic Fairy Glen.

From this the road descends to the Waterloo

Bridge, built by Thomas Telford in 1815, and fascinating Bettws-y-coed. It is a treasure of beauty among the hills, and many an artist can show you a picture of the old stone bridge, which was built in 1408. Then up the hill to the Swallow Falls where, when there has been any rain, the Llugwy roars over the boulders in a scene of froth and foam. Wood, river and mountain blend in beauty to Capel Curig, where dark Moel Siabod frowns on the left. Should you pass that way on a Sunday you can hear a service in Welsh at any of the three Nonconformist churches.

A little more, and the dark waters of Llyn Ogwen, one of the best fishing lakes in Wales, shimmer on the left. A thousand feet above the sea it is a picture of restful calm which always reminds me of "lone St. Mary's silent lake" in Scotland. Then the road enters Nant Ffrancon, the most awe-inspiring pass in Great Britain. I recall one winter day, when a black storm was coming up from the west and the oncoming gale howled and shrieked and gasped in a ghostly dirge through this narrow slit in the world; darkness spread like midnight; although it was just after midday, I had to switch on the car headlights in order to see where I was going. Complete silence reigned except for the eerie wind, and it seemed but a matter of moments before the great rocks would come tumbling down on the puny passenger. Only a half mile wide, with the mountains rising to 3,000 feet on either side, Nant Ffrancon



British Council

LLANARMON DYFFRYN CEIRIOG, IN THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER CEIRIOG  
A bridge over the Ceiriog at Chirk carries the Holyhead road into Wales



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE MENAI STRAIT

is no place for anyone with nerves, although it can be pleasant enough on a sunny day.

A long descent ensues, with grand views of Penrhyn and Anglesey, to the model village of Llandegai, then past Lord Penrhyn's great park, seven miles round, and into Bangor. By keeping to the right you avoid the road through the town, which is the great educational centre of Wales. Its cathedral, after following a temple of Minerva in 512, was destroyed by Glendower; the present building was erected in 1496. Then on to the Menai Bridge, now free of toll. Below lies the Menai Strait, the crossing of which was so dangerous that 180 people were drowned in the 150 years from 1664. Then came Telford. He built the suspension bridge in 1820-22, and thirty years later Robert Stephenson followed with the tubular railway bridge, seen to the left.

The view is charming as the road enters Anglesey, the Mona of Tacitus and, before that the "shady island" of the ancient Welsh. It was the seat of the Druids, twenty-eight whose cromlechs remain. Tacitus describes their army, which fruitlessly opposed the strength of Rome, as "a multitude of viragos and madmen." The modern name "The Englishmen's Isle," was given to it by the Anglo-Saxons and, curiously enough, it is the most Welsh part of Wales. Even the courts a



"THE MOST AWE-INSPIRING PASS IN GREAT BRITAIN"—  
NANT FFRANCON

Will F. Taylor



SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE

"Seagulls are so plentiful that their cries are better than any foghorn"

bi-lingual. It has always been an island of small villages; in 1188 it had three hundred and sixty-three of these. Small farms and white homesteads dot its surface, but the internal part is uninteresting; the real beauty lies around the coast. Just beyond the bridge is an old toll-house with a long and interesting list of the tolls charged, and the road goes through far-famed Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwyltisiogogogoch, a tongue-twister which common sense has contracted into Llanfair P.G. Some of the villages have a very Irish look, particularly Gaerwen, which might have been lifted from the middle of Galway.

After Valley the road enters Holyhead Island by the Stanley embankment, under which the tide runs at the turn with tremendous force. Then into Holyhead which, even at the time of Tacitus, was carrying on a great trade with Ireland. It became the packet station in the reign of William IV, and its great breakwater is a grand protection to the harbour. If ever you cross to Ireland on a stormy night you will realise this immediately the boat puts her nose round the end of it. It is worth while to go over from Holyhead to the South Stack, three miles away, where a chain bridge connects the lighthouse island with the shore. The rock scenery is marvellous, and the seagulls are so plentiful that their warning cries in thick weather are better than any foghorn.

## ART OF NIGHT FISHING

By ROY BEDDINGTON

**W**HEN the sun sets and the shadows leave the water at the approach of night, the dry-fly fisherman finds the conditions to his liking. The evening rise is beginning. He will catch many trout, but when the half-light changes to three-quarter darkness he may take town his rod and make homewards with his catch.

I would call to him: "Stay! Put on a outer cast, a bigger fly," for this is the hour when great trout come forth to rise. The most wary fish that defy capture in the light of day become vulnerable. The last half-hour before darkness is the best time to conquer the most timid riser, but many do not realise, when the blue-winged olives float down in errant ranks, that a 2x cast and an imitation tied on a No. 2 or No. 3 hook is the surest means of success in the failing light.

Some fishermen despise the man who returns late from the river with a heavy bag of fish. It is said that the skill required increases as the light diminishes, but there is a fascination and a proficiency necessary during these final minutes that can satisfy the conscience of those who are spurned for their adroitness. At this time the known becomes the unknown. Expectation swells in company with uncertainty, for not until a hooked fish has proved his worth can his size be estimated, and, often, proof of quality is discovered only in the landing-net.

There is art, if not the daylight skill, in this form of fishing. Senses of touch and hearing, acute vision and the highest degree of judgment must be used, for in the dusk the fisher must feel his rod, hear or see the rise and, having located it, judge the position of his fly in relation to it for the moment to strike.

This is the time for sensitive men and women. It is, too, the most peaceful by the river. Approaching night, the note of the wood-pigeon and the gentle flow of a river provide the ingredients for an angler's contentment.

But what of the hours of darkness, when the evening becomes the night? I would leave the chalk stream and the other haunts of the brown trout and seek the dwelling-place of the sea trout, though it would not be surprising if I were to be found, a sapling in hand, sitting athwart a punt, moored mid-stream upon a Hampshire river, while two great poles hold it across the current. There would be 4ft. of water beneath its flat bottom and in the well a tin, filled with bunches of worms threaded upon worsted. To the point of the 6ft. sapling would be whipped 5ft. of stout line or cord. To the line would be tied the worsted and the worms, while a lump of lead would keep the bait near the bottom.

The eel would be the quarry, and I should be termed "clotter" or "clodder" as I fished the night out and filled a sack with eels, caught not by hook but by the worsted. The eel's teeth grow inwards and become entangled in the wool. This enables the clotter to draw his slimy victim to the surface and its doom. Clotting is most profitable, when the nights are hot and dark in late June and July. At that time the eels run in great numbers to the sea.

Those who have not the rights of an eel weir might well consider clotting or spearing eels this summer, though the latter method injures the flesh. I would add (and not for the first time in COUNTRY LIFE) that the eel is most wholesome. Its food value is 13·4 per cent. protein and 32·9 per cent. fat, and it has a calorific value of 1,635.

In September I might be found, after the evening rise, lowering an iron hoop, fixed to a stout rope by four pieces of string, over the crook of an overhanging branch into the waters of the Kennet, Avon, Gloucestershire Coln or

other crayfish river. Upon the hoop would be stretched close-meshed wire, which would support both the bait (some smelly carrion), and the crayfish, when the *balance*, as it is aptly termed by the French, is withdrawn. An abundance of delicious food can be provided in this manner. He who has tasted the Swedish crayfish (*krefta*), boiled in dill and served with schnapps, has sampled ambrosia.

The sea trout, however, is the fish which the fly-fisherman associates with the night, though stalwarts on the River Eden, called

though on some rivers it is possible to fish throughout the night with a fair measure of success. As night falls sea trout gather in the tail of a pool, in those long glides which end in a fall-over into the pool below. They become more active and can be seen to boil and jump, though in Scandinavia they rarely show. A quick cast over a boil, a few jerks of the fly, and there should be a pull.

But let us go forth into the night with a fisherman, not to the more familiar waters of these islands but to the River Em, where the sea trout grow vast and enter the river to spawn in late August and September.

The wise man has slept until tea, after which he has fished until an hour after dark. He has his supper and retires early, having first made all preparations. A thermos of coffee and sandwiches stand next to the alarm clock by his bed. He will be lucky if he has three hours of rest before the bell rings and he must dress. He gropes his way to the river, while distant thunder and flashes of summer lightning streak the sky. Near by the river roars over rocks to the Baltic, which is only 300yds. away. The fisherman, in long waders, carries a 14ft. spliced greenheart rod in one hand and in the other a long gaff, though the late Anthony Crossley, the king of night-fishers, used only a pocket, collapsible weapon, because he thought that the vibration of a wading staff disturbed the trout, but Crossley's knowledge of the bed of the Em was wonderful.

The night-angler has, strapped or buttoned to his coat, a torch, similar to what are now termed "black-out torches." No light, however, must be allowed to shine on the water except for the purpose of gaffing a fish.

A stout salmon cast is joined to a well greased line, which has a reserve of 150yds. backing, for remember, the Baltic is not far away. The good day-fisherman should not suffer tangles in the dark, but spare casts, ready soaked, with flies attached (one to each), should be there in case of need.

It is most common to use a white or silver fly, but from my experience, which includes expeditions to Norway and Sweden, I would suggest that the black fly proves much more effective. It is known that the eyes of fish are more sensitive to the ultra-violet end of the spectrum, while human eyes see better the bright reds and yellows. This is a scientific reason for the ability of fish to see, in poor light, dark colours more easily than light. It is the reason for the salmon fisher's adage: "Bright day, bright fly. Dark day, dark fly," to which, for the sea trout, I would add: "The darker the night, the darker the fly."

I was introduced to the black fly on the Norwegian river Aurland. In the Swedish Em I tried one of my own tying, made after a feast of *krefta*, schnapps and Swedish punch. It was aptly named the *krefta* and on that first night it caught two monsters of 24lb. and 25½lb., while a week later Gavin Clegg caught his world's record sea trout of 29lb. upon a similar pattern. It had a golden pheasant topping for a tail, a body of black mohair entwined with silver tinsel, a black hackle and a mixed wing of black-dyed swan and peacock. At one time, on that river, the Alexander was thought to be the most killing night fly.

Fish, seeing less well at night, are more attracted by a fly pulled in quick jerks through the water. This movement is best accomplished by pulling in the line, as required, with the left hand. If, however, the fisherman's line is greased, as is the custom on the Em, the fly should not be worked. The fly is nearer to the surface, which probably makes it more visible to the fish.

Sea trout take best from the hour before darkness until an hour after the light has disappeared and again from the hour before the first glimmer of dawn until an hour after it,

The opposite bank is indistinguishable in the darkness. Fishing under such conditions taxes more heavily the senses. The angler must be in contact with his fly, though he can estimate its passage in the river only from the initial splash made as it struck the water. After each cast one step is taken down-stream before the next throw. When a fish takes, a heavy feeling is experienced. The yard of line is released and not until the fish moves is the strike made. These white-bellied trout, fat and sluggish until hooked, take the fly leisurely. They have a sheen peculiar to themselves.

A great battle ensues when a fish is hooked, as the fisherman cannot follow his prize. Tired out, it is gaffed in the light of the torch and placed upon a high rock to avoid the attention of rats.

In our own rivers the same thrills can be enjoyed. If the fish are small, the tackle is lighter. There may be those who decry night fishing, but they are, for the most part, those who lack the qualities of a night-fisherman.

The light creeps up the river from the east. The unseen takes shape, and Nature's curtain rises to display the glory of the dawn. The mystery of night gives place to the certainty of day. Night-fishing is a lonely occupation, but it is peaceful. It is exciting, for it is the quest of the unseen at a time which to many fishermen is still the unknown.



"NATURE'S CURTAIN RISES TO DISPLAY THE GLORY OF THE DAWN"

"Night fishing is a lonely occupation, but it is peaceful, it is exciting."

## SCOTTISH CRESTED TIT

By ERIC J. HOSKING

**T**HE Spey Valley in Scotland has often been proclaimed as the ornithologists' paradise, for along this short stretch of country much fascinating bird-life is to be seen. Greenshank nest in the open areas and capercailzie in the thick pine forests, where crossbill, siskin and black game are also found. The golden eagle may occasionally be seen soaring high in the sky, or peregrine falcon mobbing raven, both giving a remarkable display of aerobatics. But to many people the tiny Scottish crested tit brings the greatest thrill. Along this valley for a stretch of about 15 miles it is abundant; yet it is practically unknown anywhere else in the British Isles, or, according to the systematists, anywhere else in the world.

While walking through one of the numerous pine forests my wife, a friend and I were suddenly attracted by a peculiar high-pitched "zee, zee, zee" note, not unlike the note of a coal-tit. Had we not been in this neighbourhood we should have taken it for this bird. The bird was difficult to see, for it was moving rapidly among the thick pine foliage, but, as we stood still and followed the direction of the calls, we were at last able to distinguish it. We saw a bird not unlike the coal-tit both in size and colouring, but the conspicuous crest soon confirmed that it was a crested tit.

We kept our watch, though frequently losing sight of the bird among the thick tree-tops, and, as it reappeared every now and again, we observed that it was collecting some insectivorous food among the pine needles. We saw, too, that it was not eating most of the food it collected, but was flying periodically to another tree with its bill crammed full. As this was early in April, we realised that it could not be feeding young, so, changing our positions, we found a place where it was possible to see the second tree. From this vantage point the reason for the bird's actions became evident, for we could discern another crested tit which was behaving rather curiously, fluttering wings and quivering, somewhat like a baby bird just out of its nest. It became obvious that this was the hen, that our first

bird was the cock and that he was courting her. He gave her food, fluttering round her for a few moments, and then flew off again to collect another offering.

Although this was our first view of these rare tits, we were to see a good deal of them during the next few weeks. During the nesting season we either discovered or were shown no fewer than 15 of their nests.

We found that generally they did not nest much about 15ft. from the ground, and all the nests we saw were in dead stumps of Scots pines. Usually the nests were in a wood, but a few were right out in the open in a dead stump, well away from live trees.

The first pair to be discovered had a special attraction for us, and we were able to watch them building their nest. There is little difference between the sexes, when viewed from a distance, and so we were uncertain whether or

not the male actually constructed part of the nest. We did see both birds carrying nesting material and go into the hole with it, but, whereas one bird would enter and leave the hole within a second or two, the other remained inside for some minutes. This left us with the impression that the hen took over the greater part of the actual building.

The nest was composed of moss, which formed the whole of the foundation, and was lined with small quantities of wool and hair. Six eggs were laid, and these were incubated by the hen only. Either the hen was fed on the nest by the male, or else at the appointed time he would call her off and the two birds would go to feed together.

I shall never forget the tameness of this pair, especially after the chicks had hatched. As we unpacked the cameras both birds would flutter round us, calling all the time, and they

became even more excited when we peeped into the nesting-hole. The hen would perch only some 18ins. from us and do her best to drive us away. As soon as I was left in the hide they became quiet and went about searching for grubs, small moths and other insects, which they brought back very frequently. I noticed that the male did not feed the babies so often as the hen and, if she were near the nest, would pass the food to her. He would perch on the top of the stump and there call. Usually the hen would appear almost immediately, go straight into the hole with her supply of food, come out again, take the food from the cock and deliver it to the chicks. Should it happen that the hen did not come to his call, the cock would tire of waiting and either take the food in himself or, more frequently, swallow it and fly away for more.

The crested tit must have large old pine forests with plenty of dead stumps for its existence, and it is probably for this reason that its range has not spread. What a pity it is that this lovely tit does not take to the man-planted pines and firs which are now found in so many localities in England and Wales; perhaps one day, if these trees are left to grow old enough, it may come.



(Above) "THE CONSPICUOUS CREST CONFIRMED THAT IT WAS A CRESTED TIT"

(Left) WAITING WITH FOOD FOR THE CHICKS. THE COCK CALLS FOR THE HEN TO TAKE IT INTO THE NEST

(Right) WITH A BEAKFUL OF FOOD THE HEN PAUSES ON HER WAY DOWN TO THE CHICKS



# THE MONTH OF THE MOORS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

[To minimise the possibility of damage to agricultural crops by game the date for the opening of the grouse-shooting season, and of the season for blackgame in Scotland, has been advanced to August 1.]

**W**E'RE it possible to express the fascination of grouse-shooting in a sentence, one might ascribe it chiefly to the magic of the moors. For, say what you will, our lowland

me are never so glamorously circumstanced. Their environment, however quietly delightful, scarcely comparable with the wild, poetic beauty of the everlasting hills. And then there another thing; the red grouse is unique, of all our native game they are the only birds indigenous to British soil, and the only ones in whose pursuit we still use dogs.

You may be told that grouse-shooting is a *sport de luxe* meet only for rich men, but this is not quite true. I will grant the costliness of incidentals to great driving moors. But there always have been, and there always will be, moors on which driving is impossible, where, even if butts could be built upon great rugged scars and corries, no beating line could ever coax birds over them. And, even if their yields be meagre by comparison, these are the moors wherein, at the cost of a hundred pounds or less, the little syndicate of "paupers" content to work and walk hard for their game, may derive a lot of fun. For, when all is said and done, bags are not everything. It is the manner of their making that counts for most, and if there is one peculiar pleasure that one associates with walking moors, it is that of watching the work of well-trained dogs.

I know of no more characteristic exhibition of canine acumen than a brace of setters at a gallop quartering their ground, then slowing to a stealthy crawl and standing to grouse like dogs carved out of stone.

And, although the driving expert may deride the "sport" of "birds which get up at your feet," the grouse does not take many days to arrive at a nice appreciation of the modern shotgun's range. True enough, on a normal August 12 you may catch your grouse napping, and shots may be so easy as to be a shade monotonous. But such a state of things does not last for long, especially where birds are few and far between and heather is high and patchy. Then it is the sportsman's physical condition as much as his capacity for straight shooting, his eye for country, his fieldcraft and his ability to mark birds down that ensure success.

The day may resolve itself into a pursuit of two or three coveys up hill and down dale, over rock and knee-high heather and quaking bog, and even then—after you have made use of the wind and every fold in the ground, and stalked and crept and crawled for half an hour on end—just as you top the rise, confident that at last you have outwitted your wary little friends, off they sail at 70yds. and you are left in a bath of perspiration and muttering the unprintable.

Even if you win the first trick, it is long odds that the grouse will take the second and the third, and in any case they will get up at unexpected angles and do unexpected things—come back over your head or go away downhill with a twist on them almost like a wisp of snipe. But it is just this element of uncertainty which, to my mind, constitutes the principal charm of walking after them.

Yet driven grouse are typical of what is best in shooting. I will not say that they are as stern a test of marksmanship as driven partridges, for it has been well said that "the man who can hit the latter can hit anything." But their charm, apart from their incomparable setting, lies in the extraordinary variety of shots that they will offer in the day. You will get the bird that comes very high and clear-cut against the sky, to be followed by one that rises by 50ft. above the heather.

In the sense that these are calculable shots they are not supremely difficult. But the game which you probably will seldom hit, save in a delightful flight of fancy or by some astounding fluke, are the old birds which, with a mile an hour wind in their tails, are driven off the high tops, then dip into a gully and, being

momentarily lost against the dark background of the moor, as suddenly appear around a spur and whizz past only a little higher than your head, though, while their flight depends a great deal on the skill with which the drivers are directed, as well as on the siting of the butts, grouse, as a rule, however high they fly, fly straight. They lack that trick of swerving, jerking and scattering at the critical moment when they top the guns which makes the part-ridge covey so incalculable a target.

But that is not to say that they are ever easy, even though you look on a mile or so of undulating moor, over which you can watch them all the way. For that distant line of black specks, which the drivers' flags have started on their journey, is 35yds. up and over you in the twinkling of an eye. And as you swing on to the leader of the pack and know instinctively that you have missed, take comfort in the reflection that so (probably) has your next-door neighbour, who let drive both fore and aft a split second too late, as you did. But probably

you will not miss again, at least not very much, although, if you are new to the game, recollect that it were mere vexation of spirit to compare spent cartridges with kills.

Individual averages are unimportant in the general scheme of things, and to get rattled is only to increase the odds in favour of the grouse, for then you will begin to poke, and poking you are lost. Fast though the grouse may be, it is not his pace that will bother you once you have grasped it, and fewer misses come of quick shooting than of slow.

These are deep mysteries, but the driven grouse reveal them to us. And when the drivers, slow and steady, closing on the butts and swinging covey after covey inwards, send you one from which you pick two leading birds, and right and left they crumple in mid-air and somersault full 30yds. behind, you will have tasted once and for all the pleasure of grouse driving. For these are the shots worth waiting for; grand birds that, travelling at 60 miles an hour, fall headlong to an instantaneous death.

## A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

**P**ERHAPS I had better begin this week's Diary with a reference to a non-rationed food of great antiquity—I mean humble pie. A correspondent has enquired what kind of woad it was that I saw with blue flowers, instead of the orthodox yellow. The answer is that the woad I saw was not actually in flower at all, but was described to me as being "rather like speedwell"—from which I instantly, and evidently inaccurately, deduced a blue flower.

The extraordinary frequency with which persons who fully intend to be truthful make quite untrue statements is exemplified in every police-court and makes one hope never to be put into the witness-box. Women, especially, are often bad witnesses, partly from nervousness and partly from apparent inability to make a statement of fact without either qualifying it—"The driver was *certainly* going at more than 40 miles an hour—at least, I think he was"—or else obviously embroidering upon it, presumably from a wish to make the story more interesting. The evidence given by children is generally surprisingly reliable, provided they have a reasonably adequate vocabulary with which to express themselves. Women magistrates are useful in this connection, for they can help out a young, and usually frightened, child without prompting or suggesting in any unfair way. The mothers of such witnesses, I am sorry to say, can scarcely ever be restrained from trying to prompt, and are far better kept out of the courtroom. So, for that matter, are the young delinquents' fathers; they all too often deny their offences flatly, and when the case has been proved and a conviction decided upon, inform the Bench that "I've gived the boy an 'iding he won't forget in a 'urry, so I asks your Worships to deal with 'im lightly."

\* \* \*

**S**OME very little boys were brought up before the Bench, when I happened to be in the chair, a short time ago. Having found an unattended bicycle—so old and decrepit as almost to justify the inference that "it didn't belong to no-one"—they, with misplaced industry, removed the bell, the saddle, the mudguard and the inner tubing of the tyres. They also went for rides on what was left of the unfortunate machine.

The culprits looked very small and pathetic, all three of them in tears, and the impressiveness of the scene was greatly heightened when each scrap was addressed by the Clerk of the Court by his surname only.

In the short lecture delivered by the Chairman she reduced them again to their more normal status of Charlie and Jackie and Bill, and imposed a small fine upon each, to which they in turn meekly replied—like the Three Bears much diminished—"Thank you, miss."

\* \* \*

**T**HIS delightful article on Mr. Aislaby in the June 28 issue of COUNTRY LIFE, and the recent cricket match played at Rugby in honour

of Tom Brown's *Schooldays*, sent me—rather furtively—to the pages of another story of school life, where I remembered, many years ago, reading a description of a cricket-match that enthralled me.

I wondered whether I should still think it good, although the book itself has long since become a subject of derision—not, I think, altogether fairly.

Alas! the cricket description was a great disappointment. It was not even a match, merely a practice, and the interest that I well remember experiencing must have been due to the strange fact that the batsman, after hitting a ball half-volley and scoring "a sixer," was suddenly reminded of the painful fact that he had embezzled the contents of the cricket-fund box the day before.

His play, not unnaturally, thereupon went to pieces, and he "spooned a miserable catch" and was out.

So much for poor *Eric, or Little by Little*.

\* \* \*

**S**INCE I have strayed into the realms of books, I cannot resist referring to a fascinating account of English life in a remote country parish soon after the Napoleonic Wars—about 1822. I found it in a harmless little story-book of no literary importance, save that it was so obviously founded upon first-hand personal experience.

It relates how the Squire's wife and her young unmarried sister felt themselves obliged to discipline their Sunday-school class of little girls.

"Long hair could hardly be kept in respectable trim by busy mothers working in the fields and with little power of getting brushes and combs . . . so that cropped heads were almost the only means of securing cleanliness and tidiness, and were worn by all the little daughters of the gentry."

The girls, however—then as now—had their own views as to hairdressing, and appeared at Sunday-school either wearing curl-papers or "with wild unkempt hair about their necks."

Upon which one lady "barred the door" and the other cut short the hair of each scholar in turn with a large pair of scissors!

It is not altogether surprising that this tyrannical form of benevolence was very badly received by the mothers of the victims—but there is no slightest suggestion that they could have claimed any form of legal redress.

The climax of the story is an outbreak of machine-breaking by the local Luddites, quelled by the Yeomanry "in blue and silver lace."

As a straightforward account of a state of things that now seems almost incredible, the little book was most informative.

It took much for granted, and among other things, the employment by the lesser "gentry" of a weekly washerwoman who, when not in the laundry, became "the weeding-woman" and worked in the garden or the fields.

Most of our gardens, nowadays, would welcome her good offices.

# KRAK DES CHEVALIERS

## A GREAT CRUSADER CASTLE OF SYRIA

By H. V. MORTON

Photographs by Ronimund Bissing

*The recent operations in Syria took our troops over country fought over for centuries by the Crusaders. The Krak, on a mountain-top between Tripoli and Homs, built A.D. 1110 was held for 130 years by the Knights Hospitallers. Its design foreshadows that of Edwardian Castles in Wales*

(Right) TAWNY RAMPARTS CROWNING AN IMPREGNABLE SITE

WHEN I visited the Krak-des-Chevaliers some years ago its vast walls embraced an Arab village. The Mufti of the district with his three veiled wives was established in one of the towers; camels and donkeys threaded their way from the outer to the inner ward; children played on the battlements, and the great halls, the chapel, the storehouses and arsenal were more than knee high with the debris of centuries. In 1927-28 a French archaeological expedition sponsored by the French authorities in Syria surveyed the ruins and it was decided to buy out the Arabs, find them alternative dwelling-space and to excavate and tidy up this superb crusading castle. How well this has been done is proved by these excellent photographs.

While it is true that the Krak-des-Chevaliers is the finest crusading relic in Syria, it must be said that it is not without rivals in the south. Athlit, the Château Pèlerin of the Crusading era, is a gigantic tawny ruin whose halls echo to the crash of breakers falling on the seashore some 12 miles south of Haifa. It was at one time the chief seat of the Knights Templars. Then Kerak in Trans-Jordan, crouched on stark hills like an enchanted knight in a fairy tale, is, I think, even larger than the Krak and equally massive and imposing, but it is not so compact a castle and it still suffers, as the Krak once did, from the chaos of Arab huts built within its walls.

These three castles taken together are an unforgettable relic of the Crusades. The traveller is astonished by their size and their

massive construction no less than by the appalling difficulties faced by those who built them on the seashore or on the peaks of inaccessible mountains. To the student of military architecture they are text-book studies. They illustrate not only the development of the European castle but they offer also many a problem in the origin of military engineering.

It has now been accepted by most authorities that the development of the European castle from a simple keep with fortified wall into a complicated concentric fortress originated probably with the Crusaders. Having crossed Asia Minor and having fought their way into the Holy Land, those European knights were quick to appreciate the superiority of the Byzantine fortress with its infinitely greater fire power and its system for the mutual defence of all its parts. To what extent the Saracens borrowed from the Byzantines and in what proportion the Crusaders borrowed from Saracen and Greek, I am not sufficiently expert to say, but there can be little doubt that upon the mountains of Syria and Palestine the Crusaders tried out new systems of defence which they afterwards introduced into their own countries. It is therefore interesting to reflect that such a beautiful example of an early concentric castle as Beaumaris in Anglesey, completed by Edward II, may trace its origin, via the Crusades, to the Byzantine strongholds of Justinian, that great castle builder. But English castles such as Beaumaris, and the other Edwardian strongholds constructed between 1285 and 1322, reflect a principle of defence that had been perfected by the Crusaders in Syria a century earlier. There exists no finer example of a large concentric castle built about 1110 than the Krak-des-Chevaliers.

Situated strategically upon a mountain-top midway between Tripoli and Homs, and about 40 miles north-east of Tripoli, the Krak is the key to that part of the Syrian coast. It is approached by what was some years ago the vilest road in Syria, yet so magnificent is the sight of the castle as it reveals itself suddenly round the shoulder of a hill, massive and defiant against the sky, that all memory of this frightful road is forgotten, and the traveller feels only gratitude for having been privileged to visit such a glorious relic of the past.

As the road winds gradually up to the entrance gate, the battlements loom up and the size of the castle is such that one might be approaching a fortified town. The entrance is on the east side through a gateway which bears an Arabic inscription stating that the castle was restored in 1211 by the Sultan Beybars who in that year



THE PRECIPITOUS WESTERN FACE



THE ONLY LEVEL APPROACH TO THE CASTLE: FROM THE PLATEAU ON THE SOUTH



THE OUTER FROM THE INNER RAMPARTS AT THE  
NORTH-WEST CORNER



A VAST OUTLOOK OVER THE NAHR EL KEBIR, THE BROAD  
VALLEY RUNNING INLAND FROM TRIPOLI TO HOMS

captured it from the Crusaders. But the tower itself, and indeed most of the castle, is the work of the Christian knights. Having passed through the gateway you find yourself in a vaulted passage that mounts left-handed and, as you go on, many gates with portcullises are passed and for 50yds. or so the passage is commanded at certain points from galleries overhead. The passage then turns sharply to the right and passes through the inner line of defences.

The plan of the castle is that of two concentric wards separated by a moat. The moat is now, of course, dry, but in former days it was flooded by water brought to the spot by an aqueduct constructed on the south side, the only side of the castle which does not stand on the edge of an abyss. Thus from three sides, the north, east, and west, the Krak-des-Chevaliers appears absolutely impregnable, and the architects did their best to make it so from the south, constructing on that side their most formidable defences. The walls are of great strength and the southern angle of the moat is deeper than on the north, east or west.

Everywhere there are towers frowning upon the moat, and across the moat is the outer wall with its towers rising on the edge of a precipice, except to the south. From every part of the castle enfilading fire could



CLOISTER IN THE UPPERMOST WARD



THE AQUEDUCT ON THE SOUTH SIDE



THE RAMPED APPROACH TO THE VAULTED STABLE



be brought to bear upon any other part. Arrow slits pierce the walls in every direction. Machicolated sentry walks command the ground without a break, and there is a massive stone platform on which catapults and arbalests could be mounted.

The size of the castle and the spaciousness of its courts are not surprising when it is known that a garrison of some 2,000 knights and men-at-arms with their horses were once housed there.

The main buildings in the centre of the castle are the Great Hall, the Chapel, a huge vaulted hall in the south wall beneath which are large galleries where the knights stabled their chargers. Iron rings and mangers are still in position there. The Great Hall itself contains some fine but badly preserved mouldings and capitals, and the Chapel when I saw it, was used as a mosque by the then resident Arabs.

The history of the Krak, like that of mos-

(Left) THE HUGE VAULTED STABLE OF THE KNIGHTS

Crusading monuments in the East, is maddeningly vague and fragmentary. When the Crusaders arrived in Syria they found an Arab castle on the site which they pulled down, and the Krak-des-Chevaliers was built by the Counts of Tripoli or their dependants. From 1110 to 1142 it remained in the keeping of the Counts, who then leased it to the Knights Hospitallers. They held it for 129 years. In 1163 the Knights delivered a crushing defeat on the Saracens who attempted to capture the castle, and even the great Saladin was obliged to ride away from its walls defeated. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the Knights Hospitallers began to reconstruct the fortress, and no doubt many of its chief features date from that time.

At that period the Krak was at the zenith of its fame. The Knights made it the base for their furious battles with the Sultans of Hama. In 1267, however, the Crusading fortunes all over the Holy Land began to decline. The Sultan Beybars was gradually conquering the country. One by one the fortresses of the Cross gave way to the Crescent.



MOAT BETWEEN INNER AND OUTER RAMPARTS

In 1267 the Sultan came to the rescue of the Sultan of Hama and forced the Knights

to make a truce with him. Then followed four years of failure and humiliation, during which the Knights were virtually imprisoned in their own stronghold. The end came suddenly in 1271 when, after a short siege, the Krak-des-Chevaliers surrendered to the Infidel and was never afterwards in Christian hands.

It may seem remarkable that so mighty and spectacular a castle should have so bare a history. The Krak-des-Chevaliers lacks even one great name like that of Renault de Chatillon, Lord of Kerak, whose deeds and misdeeds do so much to enliven the record of that southern stronghold. Among the lesser mysteries, but a provoking one, is the rose of England, for such I took it to be, beautifully carved on one of its stones. When did the rose begin to stand for England? Was it a national symbol before 1271 when the last Hospitallers left the Krak? If so, it may perhaps be possible that an English member of the great Order left an emblem of his country on that remote mountain in Syria.

## BACK TO SCHOOL

**H**ERE is a little story, entirely mild and entirely egotistical, which may yet waken some sympathetic chords in the breasts of other golfers. It seems unlikely that any of them should be so childish as I am, and yet I dare say a few are. In the golfless land in which I am now living I am wholly dependent on fields; most of them have been very properly ploughed up and the others bear crops of hay. However, there is one which is not always occupied by sheep, and the other day, feeling a sudden passionate desire to play some shots I set out with an iron for that field. Of course, those confounded sheep were there, but I was not going to be deprived of my shots, and climbed over a stile into another field which possessed a few clear spaces among its rank, long patches. With trembling eagerness I teed my ball on a tuft and hit it, to my surprise, straight as Robin Hood's arrow and as far as I contemptibly can. I pursued and found it and was going to hit it back again when a herd of large horses came prancing aggressively into the field. That would never do, and I crept through a fence into the next, which proved wholly unplayable. Then I was confronted by a barbed-wire entanglement, and only got through it, being stiff and clumsy, by falling into a mixed bed of thistles and nettles. I had to stumble round two sides of a plough, and finally arrived home limping, perspiring—but happy.

And why was I happy? So a popular preacher might go on, asking his congregation a rhetorical question. The answer is as obvious as the answers to such questions usually are. Because the one shot I had hit had been a good one. If it had been a bad one I might have worried myself to death in wondering what I had "done wrong"; I might even have sacrificed a valuable ball by hitting it away into a field of corn, with no hope of redeeming it, just to quiet my uneasy soul. As it was I was perfectly content and had slaked my thirst for practice. Probably few people who are as old as I am are also as foolish, and yet at the root of my ridiculous behaviour there is a profound truth, namely that if you go out to practise your shots you *must* end with a good one. Of course, this is no new revelation. Circumstances had, till a few days ago, divided me for a whole year from my dear old battered first edition of the *Badminton* book. On being reunited we fell metaphorically into one another's arms, and on the very day after my one not I was reading the chapter called "Hints on Hatch and Medal Play." There were the very

words of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, which justified my absurdity: "Whatever the particular species of stroke you may be practising, never leave off after making a bad one. Keep on at it until you make a good one, and then leave off, with the good impression and the confidence in your skill strong in your mind. It is like the final glance which a beauty gives at the

### A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

most becoming glass in her dressing-room before descending to the triumphs of the evening—it gives her strength in the consciousness of her power." I cannot affirm that I felt like a triumphant beauty when I came home a melting object, but the principle is the same. Incidentally, though it has nothing to do with the question of practising, there is in that excellent chapter one piece of advice now completely out of date, which may show how much in some respects golf has changed. Mr. Hutchinson says that golfers have the habit of husbanding up some wonderful club against the great occasion. "'Where's that club you were driving with the other day?' you ask one of these worthies. 'Oh,' he will answer, 'I'm saving it for the medal day'; and on the medal day, out comes the precious club—and ten chances to one he cannot hit a ball with it!" Mr. Hutchinson rightly stigmatises this as "the height of folly," since clubs are capricious things and you must make the most of them when they are in good humour. But it is a folly that no one would dream of committing now, because clubs are not the fragile things they once were. To-day we might as soon expect a man to put away a precious putter, lest in the interval before the medal he should break it over his knee in a tantrum. Once upon a time, however, the life of a driver hung, figuratively speaking, by a thread. There was always the lurking fear of the head splitting at the end of the horn or of the face suffering irreparable damage on a wet day. To have permanently in the bag two drivers, as like one another as possible, for fear of accidents, was no more than common prudence. Shafts were, of course, less vulnerable, but still horrid accidents did happen. I remember that in one of my University matches

my opponent of Oxford was unlucky enough to break his driver, a fact which probably put some holes in my pocket. Clubs are now by comparison indestructible and we need not be afraid of working them as hard as we like. We are far more likely to get tired of them than to break them.

As my dear *Badminton* and I have only just met again after so long a separation perhaps I may say one more thing about it. It refers to the picture called "Modern Golf Clubs," and I ought to add that my book bears the date 1890. That picture always used to puzzle me (I had been playing my juvenile golf for some six years in 1890) and it puzzles me still. There are depicted 11 clubs standing in a row, and I would give anyone who did not know the answer a good many guesses as to the proportion which wood bore to iron. Well, the answer is that there are seven wooden clubs and only four iron ones. It puzzled me because I had never seen anyone carrying anything like so many wooden clubs as that, and I don't believe they did at that time. The irons make easy guessing—a cleek, an iron, a niblick and an iron putter. The mashie was beginning to come in and Mr. Laidlay's skill with it is mentioned in the book, but I suppose it was still something of a hybrid interloper. The wooden clubs are more difficult. I take them to be a driver, a "grassed" driver, long, mid and short spoons, and a wooden putter, which make six; but there is a club rather longer than the putter as to which I am not clear. It must have been, I fancy, a club which was then, in the elegant language which I learned in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, "obsolete." It was called the driving putter and was deemed useful against a high wind. I have seen Mr. Tom Simpson, that lover of all things old, use one, but I fancy there were very few of them to be seen in 1890. I dare to say that even then this picture was not up-to-date, and already the "grassed" driver and its attendant satellites of the spoon family had been largely superseded by a single brassie. In fact I believe that some golfers carry more wooden clubs to-day in their vast bags than people did then. Only the other day a charming lady wrote me a postcard to tell me that her husband, a very old friend and contemporary of mine, had holed a certain hole in one with his "No. 4 wood." I replied with congratulations, but added rudely and irrelevantly that the last time I had seen him use his No. 4 wood he had holed out in the bottom of a deep pit, while I got on to the green with my iron. Of course, I was jealous!

# HONEYMOON IN THE YUKON

*Reviewed by NEGLEY FARSON*

*Alaska Challenge*, by Ruth and Bill Albee. (Robert Hale, 18s.)

**T**HIS is a book after the heart of anyone who has lived in the remote parts of British Columbia or the Yukon, or who is interested in a life with meaning.

Its narrative covers five years. It begins with a 10-weeks' trek northwards to the Yukon from Fort Graham, five of which were across totally unmapped territory (I did not know there were still such blank spaces on the map of British Columbia); it tells of an ordeal so close to starvation that these two young people, on what they grimly call their honeymoon, were forced to eat putrid moose meat, he having swum out naked to fight a losing battle with a wounded loon in an unmapped lake; it has days of despair when, with his waning strength, he climbed up pine trees—searching for a 4,000ft. wooded ridge which never existed except in the mind of a murderous, charlatan map-maker—where his discouraged eyes saw nothing but the everlasting ocean of forest tops stretching on, on, forever onwards towards a horizon where, they believed, a

knowledge on their amateur interest in ethnography, so that they would have a "profession" to live by in this world. It is that poignant yearning which makes them look into the hearts of Indians and whites—and what a weird collection they meet!—always with the hope that they will learn something useful. That is the story of this book, between its lines; and it is both noble and pathetic.

Blown by chance and misadventure, Mr. Albee had previously "ranged from a grandstand seat for a war at Shanghai to shooting altar fire-crackers before the Buddhist Goddess of Fertility at Singapore, not to mention a bout with malaria in Penang and a midnight brawl in the Arabic quarter of Port Said. All on twenty-five cents a month!" This was what he was being paid as a cadet on a steamship line; and it is on a not much more affluent scale that they carry on in this book.

Stories of tragic half-breeds, sourdoughs, trappers, traders, professional gamblers are interwoven with their own in the first four years of this book; the "old timers" of the Yukon gold rush who are always discussing when they

This ends their trekking adventures. After that he does any job, carpentering mostly, while she has Skooker in the hospital at Fairbanks. Chance offers Mr. Albee the post of temporary school teacher at Wales, teaching 48 children from five to 16. And here, undoubtedly, comes the most useful part of their five years, both to them and to us. The Eskimos take them on probation. Their mute faces and secret thoughts present a daily problem. Worse, two of the Eskimos from this village had been to Hollywood—to act in *Eskimo*. They have been spoiled. But even the young Eskimo boy who is so conceited about Hollywood, refusing to study, is won over when they hit on the idea of making these children of the Midnight Sun write letters "outside" to other school children all over the world—telling about their life, asking about how other children live. Thus these two enterprising temporary school teachers arrange what is to be done by writing to school superintendents in the States and as far away as the Malay Archipelago. And the response is dramatic; next spring letters come from children around the globe, explaining how they live, sending exhibits from their countries in return for the Eskimo children's bits of carved walrus ivory. Education speeds ahead. And in the end (a part that will be read with great interest by all British Colonial officials in Africa) Bill reaches the conclusion that it would be better for the Eskimo to remain Eskimo—not to make them misfits in the white man's world.

Another baby is born them at Cape Prince of Wales. It is delivered by a "character" of the north, a nurse who "deliberately chose perhaps the toughest nursing assignment in the world. Twice a winter she made her thousand-mile dog team circuit, fearless of man, beast or weather, lambasting the natives to strangers in order to cover up her warm heart. Often storm-bound on the trail, eating frozen fish, nursing the sick, helping at births and funerals, her experiences would make the adventures of most explorers sound like child's play."

That goes as well, and is symptomatic of the life lived by the two writers of this book. The book is spoiled a little by the "arty and crafty" sense of values, such as a handloom on which the wife weaves neckties for the miners at Dawson. But honest Bill Albee, hunting

walrus for 72 sleepless hours in a skin oomiaq, has open eyes and understanding for all the ice-beauty around him.

Robert Hale, Limited, seem to have taken to publishing lately several books which, rough-hewn, come straight out of the American matrix. A previous one I reviewed—*Congo Doctor*—was the real stuff. Anyone can tell you that who has been in the Congo. This one is also real; anyone who knows the impenetrable forests of some parts of British Columbia, where giant tree falls across fallen giant, until the whole world seems a pile of monstrous Jackstraws, knows the agony amounting to something like terror with which these two brave people pushed from Fort Graham to the Liard River. This book is worth owning.

## THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

Recently some figures were published in a temporary giving the results of an enquiry into the prevalence of Bible reading among business men. The proportion of those who read was very meagre; probably the figures would have been higher in some other sections of society. But whether Bible readers are few or many it can safely be affirmed of most of them, in these last terrible months,



ASIA SEEN FROM AMERICA

The only spot in the world where Asia is visible from North America. From the Wales Beach can be seen Siberia in the centre distance across Bering Strait, the two Diomede Islands to the left, the Arctic Ocean on the right side and the Bering Strait on the left.

From *Alaska Challenge*

certain death awaited them; and when they are found by a chance trapper 10 miles from the trading post on the Liard River this man admits "I was sitting on a log, bawling like a baby."

The book ends, the last half of it, with a year among the Eskimos at Wales, western-most tip of Alaska, with Siberia only 56 miles away across the Bering Strait, where, assisted by his wife, Mr. Albee was temporary school teacher, store keeper, unofficial magistrate, and tally-clerk over a herd of 14,000 reindeer. Moreover—a nasty jolt at the end of five years—just when they thought they were settled among the Eskimos (whom they love and understand) they have to go; and they are, financially, just where they started from—plus two babies born under the Northern Lights.

But the worth of this book, and it has plenty, does not come only from the truthfulness in the telling; its pay lode is deeper, for these two young Americans were poor people, he, particularly, deprived of a coveted education (as he had to leave the University after one year to help out a brother who had got into financial trouble); and when they stubbornly set out on this trek from Fort Graham to the north it was no adventure stunt, or any escapism—they were actually trying to find a life where they could *learn* something, amass greater

will "go outside"—return to the States or England, or wherever they came from, again—but never go. There is a supposedly "White" Russian woman, whose trail they crossed at times, who made this trip ahead of them with only a dog; the dog died, and when next they hear of her she has stuffed it; she carries it under her arm. She is reported later "building a crazy boat herself" at Dawson; then she goes down the Yukon, with the stuffed dog, two jumps ahead of the ice. She has a personal dignity so fierce that no man dare tamper with her. She cooks in a mining camp. The last seen or heard of her was near Cape Prince of Wales—and there she is reported, supposedly, going across in a skin boat to Siberia, still solitary, except for the stuffed dog. There is a professional gambler in one of the little towns whose wife takes in washing to give her husband the money to start his poker games; they were both former dope addicts. And there is a Japanese Prince on one of the uncharted sand islands in the Yukon Flats who had started an independent world of his own with a hundred or so Eskimos for his subjects. The Albees built their own boat and went 1,200 miles down the Yukon, until, crossing into U.S.A. territory, she suddenly announced: "Bill, I think I am going to have a baby."

when the hearts of many all the world over must have failed them for fear, that they have, time and time again, been conscious, not, as so often in the past, of the differences between Bible life and thought and our own, but of their similarity. As Mr. John Stirling, the editor of *The Bible for To-day* (Oxford University Press, 21s.) says of the books of the Prophets, "life strangely enough has brought us into a situation and experience not unlike that which in bygone days faced those men of God . . . the problem the prophets had to solve was, in its essential content, similar to that which confronts us to-day." That, written of one part of the Scriptures, may be taken as typical of the view taken here of them all. In the Preface the editor argues that "it was not a Holy Land, a Holy City, a Holy Temple or a Holy Book that was the sovereign aim of the Divine Mind . . . a Holy Man, a Holy Life, a Holy People. To end the world was made and ever widening relation given." This volume reprints the Bible in the Revised Version, but by titles, cross-headings and introductory notes seeks to keep the reader's eye focused on this wider view of a purpose linking human life from the Creation to the Atonement, from then to our own day, and for futurity.

The purposes of God are not to be regarded as ending with the last page of Revelation; we are ourselves living and moving in the same stream of lines—running down "with a sound of laughter and tears"—as carried the prophets, priests, kings and apostles with it on its way, as we are carried, to the fulfilment of God's Will on Earth. So large an outlook is difficult to make clear on the tiny canvas of a short review: the argument of *The Bible for To-day* is something extraordinarily inspiring and heartening, transcending sectarianism and petty criticism; and the illustrations of the book, at first a little shocking to the reverential mind—as are such headings as "Settlement Plan" or "Personal Greetings"—are seen at last as fitly serving their purpose of underlining the *To-day* of the title.

#### BACKWARD JOURNEY

Some of us have hearts that sink at sight of a genealogical tree on the first page of a novel; but even those of us who haven't hearts like that may be excused an initial impulse of resentment on finding that Miss E. M. Delafield, in *No One Now Will Know* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), intends not only to take us through three generations, but to

take us through them backwards. It is like going down a moving staircase with our backs to the bottom of it. However, we get used to the sensation, and we also realise why Miss Delafield has adopted the device. It is one that gives her scope for her brilliant technique; and, to be frank, it ensures that our interest will continue rising to the end. Told in chronological order, the tale would begin well and peter out; for all the author's interest is concentrated on the third part of her book, which, in order of time, is the first. "Who loved her best? There's no one now will know." From these lines out of a poem by Moira O'Neill, Miss Delafield takes her title; and—to be frank again—it seems the weakest part of her book. For not only do we feel that the lovely Rosalie, being constitutionally incapable of any sustained love herself, hardly deserves the poem, but we also feel that we know quite well who did love her best. However, none of this matters as we read. What does matter is the sure drawing of character, whether devilishly acute or angelically tender, and also the perfect dialogue, with Miss Delafield's wit continually breaking through. Perhaps the author's greatest triumph is her bold assertion of charm in some of her characters—followed by her proof of it.

## CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

### MEMORIES AND MEMORIALS OF A BOMBED SHRINE

By WALTER H. GODFREY

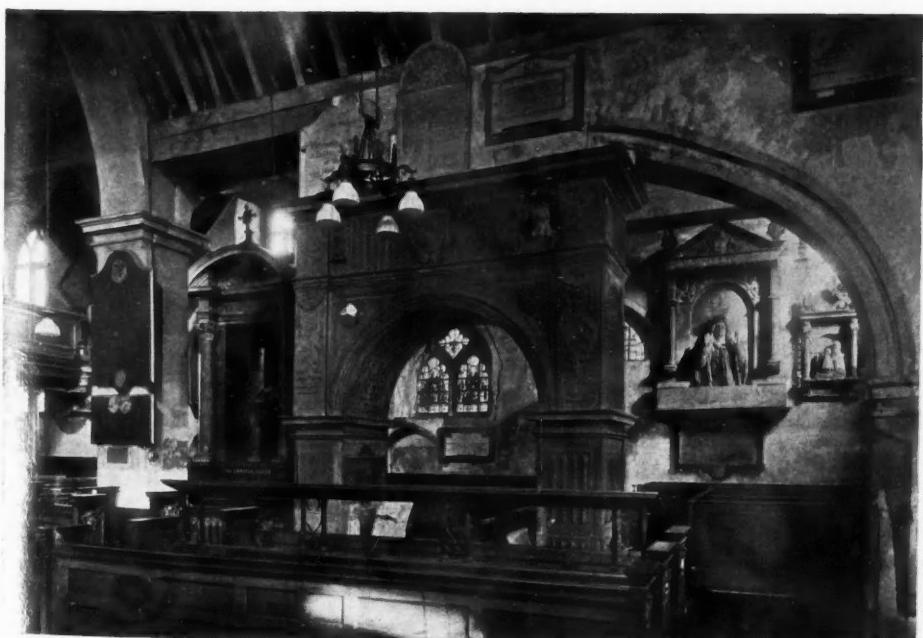
THE tragic overthrow of Chelsea Old Church, that very Mecca of pilgrimage on account of its unnumbered claims to the reverent interest of all students of English life, manners, history and art, is one of those calamities that seem unreal because they are so hard to believe. Where Sir Thomas More, the great humanist, worshipped, there stood a shrine that had surely a title to the loving protection of all mankind, and until the German bomber, with his uncanny aptitude for striking what is most harmless and precious, did his devil's work it had received all the care that it was possible to bestow upon it, and not only was it cared for but it was one of the best documented buildings in England. Indeed, if there can be any mitigation of so sad an event it may be found in the fact that the old church was one of the first buildings to be fully and meticulously recorded by the London Survey Committee, a band of farsighted enthusiasts who, if they were as unwitting as any of us of the lengths to which the aerial menace might go, yet defeated one of its worst consequences and provided us with records that are now beyond price.

Standing by the tangled heap of rubble, brick and dust one recalls with the vividness born of a swift bereavement the church which

so lately graced the riverside. How typically English was that familiar composition of quiet, warm-toned brickwork! The mediæval building had been re-modelled in the seventeenth century, but its triple east end, re-clothed by Tudor hands, kept alive a substantial part of the pre-Reformation fabric. And the nave, which was new in the reign of Charles II, with what complete lack of ostentation it showed the fashion of the time! Even more conservative was the brick tower, which proclaimed its kinship with its Gothic forerunners that have become the almost constant accompaniment of the English village church. When Wren was adorning London with his poems in brick and stone, the unknown architect of Chelsea Old Church indited a faultless prose essay which wove the new into the old, without injury to either. In this he accomplished, like so many of his contemporaries, something that won and held the affection of men and women of every degree, for generations.



Will F. Taylor  
THE BRICK NAVE AND TOWER  
Massive simple building of Wren's age



Francis R. Taylor  
THE JERVOISE MONUMENT, WITH THE CHEYNE AND COLVILLE MONUMENTS IN THE NORTH AISLE BEYOND

But if the riverside group of buildings, in which the old church asserted its gentle pre-eminence, has gone from us in a cloud of dust and ruin, how are we to measure the loss of the shrine within? To pass beneath the tower, to enter the west door and to pause, impressed anew each time by the compelling atmosphere of peace and memory, this was a privilege we never thought to lose. The square and lofty nave, with its deep gallery brooding above, held the very air of Stuart and Georgian Chelsea, and beyond, the chancel and its two attendant chapels waited to lead us further back into the recesses of time. Nor had the designer's skill deserted him in the transition between the two periods, for the high semicircular arch in the centre and its elliptical companion on each side united them with admirable science and achieved complete harmony.

And within these walls stood the fairest memorials of the past—so numerous a company—mingling in one throng, irrespective of time, tributes to the distinguished men and women who had loved and laboured in this village of palaces. In the chancel lay the Lord Bray, heir to his famous uncle Sir Reginald, both lords of Chelsea Manor, which passed from Lord Sands (Bray's cousin by marriage) to Henry VIII. Was it by this altar tomb that Henry "was secretly married to one Jane Seymour" at Chelsea? Near by stood the rich triumphal arch beneath which was interred a later tenant of the old manor house, Richard Jervoise—an arch that supported the wall

between the chancel and the north chapel, known from the successors of Jervoise as the Laurence Chapel. Three wonderful monuments to the Laurence family were here: to Thomas, goldsmith and merchant-adventurer (1593), presenting the family kneeling amid lavish embellishments of architecture and heraldry; to John, his son (1638) with a fine inscription tablet in a rich arabesque frame of alabaster like some bordered and illuminated manuscript; and to a daughter of Thomas, Sara Colville (1632) represented in a three-quarter alabaster figure rising at the Day of Resurrection.

The companion chapel to the south of the chancel is linked with the name of Sir Thomas More, the first of a distinguished band to find in Chelsea the home for a temperament and mind bent on freedom of thought and beauty in all things. The memorial he designed for himself (with its whimsical regret that religion and fate had not allowed him both his wives at the same time) was in the south wall of the chancel, but he seems to have appropriated the chapel into which the chancel opens by an earlier arch. In its responds he inserted two delightfully carved capitals, believed to be by the hand of Holbein, and bearing the Chancellor's arms with the date 1528. In their free handling of the most delicate detail, their appropriateness to their setting and their historical significance, these two carvings are the chief jewels in a casket of treasures.

Sir Thomas More, one may imagine not too willingly, drew his Royal master to Chelsea, and Henry built himself a new manor house wherein later dwelt the Duke of Northumberland, who suffered with his daughter-in-law Lady Jane Grey upon the scaffold. His duchess lies buried within a canopied monument within the More Chapel, which was almost a replica of that set up by Nicholas Bingham in Westminster Abbey to Geoffrey Chaucer. Her inscription is a fine piece of lettering, set between the effigies and the names of her sons and daughters, among whom were Elizabeth's favourite the Earl of Leicester and Mary the mother of Sir Philip Sidney. Over a century later another lady of the manor was buried in the nave which her generosity had helped to re-build. Lady Jane Cheyne's memory is secure in Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row, despite all that slow time or sudden war can do. Yet with what solicitude her husband sent to Rome for the graceful memorial within which she lay, in effigy, reclining and reading in the semblance of life. The work of the younger Bernini, it was flung to the ground by the evil genius to which Italy has now bound herself an ignoble slave.



Francis R. Taylor  
A CAPITAL DESIGNED BY HOLBEIN FOR  
SIR THOMAS MORE

Facing the Cheyne monument from the south side of the nave stood the gorgeously attired memorial of Lord and Lady Dacre who lived at what had been Sir Thomas More's house which, following the Dacre bequest, was to be remodelled by Sir Robert Cecil, who rehearsed here his later enterprise at Hatfield. This tomb was one of the finest works of Nicholas Johnson, of a noted family of sculptors, whose father Gerard, according to Mrs. Esdaile, had designed the monument to Thomas Laurence and the similar one to Thomas Hungerford in the chancel. Lady Anne Dacre, proud of her Sackville parentage, lies beside her husband in no less state than when she trod the floors of Herstmonceux and Chelsea, where she was unquestionably mistress of her household. On a miniature tomb lies their only infant daughter within the beautiful railings, which, like those to the Cheyne tomb opposite, are fine examples of English smithcraft. Lady Dacre's Emmanuel Hospital, Westminster, which was one of London's minor architectural treasures, is now only a memory.

A later owner of More's house, Sir Arthur Gorges (1625), a first cousin of Raleigh and close friend of Spenser, had a tomb here, as had his son, but of both the brasses and inscription slabs alone remain. The father built himself a new dwelling beside "the greatest house." The monument of his son-in-law, Sir Robert Stanley (1632), second son of the Earl of Derby, at the east end of the More Chapel, is one of the finest works in alabaster of its time. The blast of the explosion that flung the east and south walls of the chapel to earth, left by a miracle two of the three great urns and the two standing figures unharmed. On the pedestals

of the urns are medallion portraits of Sir Robert and his two children Ferdinand and Henrietta Mary, the last with a necklace and pendant having the Stanley crest of an eagle carrying away a cradled child. So appropriate a symbol could scarcely be neglected by the epitaph-maker:

The Eagle Death greedie of some good prey  
Wth nimble Eyes found where these Infants laye  
He truste them in his Tallents and conveyde  
There Soules to Heaven & here theyre ashes layde  
Lett no prophane Hand then these Reliques sever  
But as they lye soe lett them res for ever.

These are only some of the memorials that were gathered here for our delight. Nor should we omit to remember Dr. Adam Littleton, Chelsea's rector, Westminster's Headmaster, and author

of the Latin Dictionary; Dr. Baldwin Hamey, in compliment to whom it is thought the old dedication of All Saints gave way to that of St. Luke, and whose gravestone is inscribed "The Return of Baldwin Hamey. Man returneth to his Earth"; Elizabeth de Cormont, daughter of Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to Charles I and builder of Lindsey House, Chelsea; the delightful tablets to Sir William Milman, Elizabeth Stewart, Maria Buckby, Elizabeth Powell and among modern stones those to Henry James and William de Morgan and Mary Gillick's charming tribute to Margaret Roper the daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Such notes as these are but fragments of the wonderful story that could be told of the old Church, and now its sacred fabric is in fragments too. It may be asked: can nothing be done to win back what now seems so completely lost? Something remains: the roof, the arch and the Holbein capitals of More's Chapel are in their place; much of the mediæval work stands, though disturbed. The precious tombs and tablets and many of the fittings have been rescued from the ruins. The classic nave and tower might well rise again, without very much change. No one would wish to simulate the old or to pretend that the new were other than it is, but were we to gather together again in their places the familiar objects of art and history, to let them rest once more where their authors first set them, and to renew for this hallowed space the protecting fabric which it has known so long—this would not falsify history but would mend a thing of price which has been broken and salve to some extent an intolerable wound.



Francis R. Taylor  
THE MONUMENT OF  
SARA COLVILLE



THE CHEYNE MONUMENT,  
BY BERNINI



National Building Record  
THE STANLEY MONUMENT AND ROOF TIMBERS  
OF THE MORE CHAPEL (AFTER THE BOMB)

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A NEW EDUCATIONAL POLICY

SIR.—I hope Mr. Easterbrook's article on *A New Educational Policy* will be widely read and inwardly digested, for the fundamental position of education in a flourishing agriculture—and, one may add, in democracy itself—is not sufficiently realised. It was the failure of townsfolk to respect agriculture—due to defects in their education—which contributed greatly to the political apathy towards agriculture in the years after 1918.

While there can be little disagreement with the conclusions, the development of such a policy will provide difficult problems. In this connection I was privileged to be associated with Major Hills Dr. Wilkie of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs during the years before the present conflict, in experiments in agricultural education for urban children. It was not intended to attract workers to the land, but rather to arouse an interest in the rural scene which, it was hoped, would in turn be converted into political action when agricultural problems were in need of Parliamentary assistance. The work proved fascinating, and, though on a small scale, provided the essentials for any future development along similar lines. We received the utmost assistance from all we consulted: from individual farmers who gave their time and explained their methods; from college authorities who arranged special demonstrations; and last but not least from the Board of Education and the Ministry of Agriculture.

There was, too, the pleasant fact, borne out by subsequent evacuation experience, that most town children delight in agricultural life and work and are interested in its problems. Through the children we were able to interest the parents to a surprising extent, but I cannot agree that the development of any policy in the rural areas will bring its own reward in the appreciation and respect of the townsman. Of the thousands who thronged the exits from the cities in pre-war week-ends hardly one saw anything beyond a pleasant view or a dusty road. Yet I am sure there was a latent desire to be interested, if only the position could be explained and the difficulties of the farms brought home to them.

There remains one problem for which we could attempt no solution. Mr. Easterbrook rightly demands a type of teacher more sympathetic with rural life, and there appears to be no probability that an adequate supply will be available. It has long been realised that the system of training teachers is in urgent need of change, and until this problem is taken in hand there will be insufficient teachers of the right type for purely rural schools, while the problem of the town child must remain untouched.—P. H. S. MARTIN, Headmaster, *The Beeches, Week St. Mary, Cornwall under Holsworthy, Devon.*

### COWS AND HORSES

SIR.—Recent correspondence in these pages about the different ways horses and cattle rise from the ground prompts me to send you the enclosed snapshot. It shows a pedigree Hereford bull, Aldersend Romance, for some years at the head of our herd of Herefords, sitting up on his haunches. The old fellow often sat thus, before rising in the manner

of a horse. I have seen other bulls do the same; also, once, a cow. As to the question: why does the cow rise tail first and the horse head first? I think the only answer is "It is their nature to!" —FRANCES PITTS.

### THE FIRST WAR MEMORIAL

SIR.—The ceremony of the unveiling on Independence Day of the tablet to Pilot Officer William ("Bill") Fiske, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral by Mr. Winant, has been described in the daily papers. But I believe the tablet itself has not been illustrated. In view of its significance, readers of COUNTRY LIFE both in this country and the United States will be glad of the opportunity of seeing this photograph of the tablet. It is fitting that the first memorial in a public place connected with this war should commemorate, in the person of this gallant sportsman, the ideal of Anglo-American unity, and that that place should be the heart of the capital above which, and in defending it, he was killed—in the Battle of Britain. The memorial is in the great company of Nelson's, Wellington's, Wren's, and those of innumerable Britons honoured by their country. But this is the first of them to an American citizen.

The tablet, of Hopton Wood stone, was designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, and carved by Mr. Richard Garbe. It is an admirable example of reticent, classic design—appropriate both to its setting and to the nation that it represents. The lettering, in particular, is a pattern of what an inscription should be.—C. H. Froyle Cottage, Alton.

### DEATHS ON THE ROAD AND OTHER MATTERS

SIR.—I should be obliged if you can find space for three comments.

(1) To add to Mr. Lang's letter on *Road Deaths—a Remedy*, I would say that two things could be done by the authorities, in addition to his suggestions.

First, in all cases where the pedestrian is to blame, or even partly to blame, in any road accident, the police and justices should see to it that the pedestrian concerned receives a salutary penalty. Many pedestrians endanger their lives by their own utter carelessness.

Secondly, it would be interesting to know what proportion of fatal accidents happen between 10 p.m. and midnight.

I suggest that if police patrol cars from another district (and this is important) were to visit licensed premises at irregular intervals at closing time, they would find, only too frequently, people not fit to drive a car safely. Human nature is human nature, and it is not fair to put the whole onus on the local constable, who is, in this country, thank Heaven, a good and helpful friend, and not a Gestapo snooper. Neither is it fair to blame too severely the landlord of the inn, who also is usually a good local friend, and does his best to conduct his business in a proper manner.

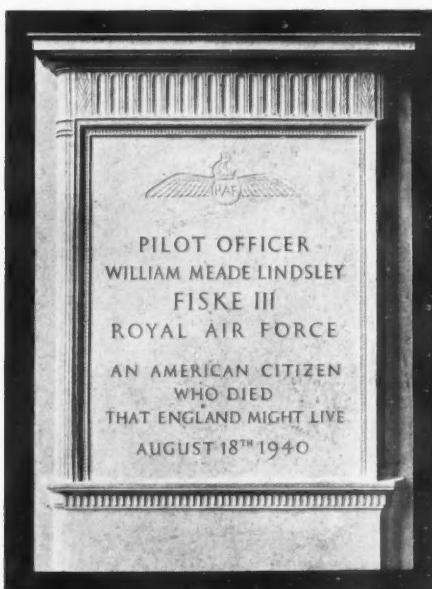
(2) Another correspondent produces a photograph of Meriden Cross, one of the "claimants" to be the centre of England. Perhaps one of your readers could give some information as to the meaning of the name Meriden;

also why Meriden was chosen as the site (near the old Cross) of the Cyclists' Memorial after the last war.

(3) A hundred or two of the men under my command see COUNTRY LIFE every week, and I have received many expressions of thanks for the chance to read a journal so essentially British.

May I conclude with my personal thanks for a publication each week that deals with the decencies of life as opposed to the beastliness of war.—FIELD OFFICER.

[On the authority of *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names* Meriden comes from O.E. *Myrgedenu*, "pleasant valley." In early sources it is called *Alsopath*, "Aelli's path." The site of the memorial to cyclists was chosen because of the claim of Meriden to be the centre of England. That claim might receive a kind of confirmation from the interesting fact that from a pond on high



AN AMERICAN AIRMAN'S MEMORIAL

ground here water flows in two different directions, reaching the Humber in one and the Bristol Channel in the other. We are grateful for our correspondent's description of the pleasure given by COUNTRY LIFE to his men.—ED.]

### RINGERS' RHYMES

SIR.—The ringers' rhyme in Wintringham Church, referred to by your correspondent, is a modern variant of the ringers' rhymes of which the oldest known instance (probably Elizabethan) is in Scotter church, in Lincolnshire, some 14 miles south of Wintringham. It reads:

You ringers all who heare doe fall and doe cast over a bell,  
Doe forfeit to the Clarke therefore a Groate I do you tell,  
And if you thinck it be to little and beare a valient minde:  
Y more you give unto him then you prove to him more kind.

The church at Scotter has other interesting features, and the rector, the Rev. A. R. Johnson, is always willing to show a visitor round.—R. T. LANG, Rothbury, Northumberland.

### VICTORIAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR.—I hope that in the interests of historical accuracy you will kindly allow me to submit a correction to your very interesting editorial note in COUNTRY LIFE for July 19, about the Victorian public schools. It is there stated that Cheltenham College was the first public school to be founded in the Victorian era. This, however, is a pride of place belonging to Liverpool College, and is greatly valued by that school. Liverpool College was founded on October 22, 1840, when, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, Lord Stanley laid the foundation stone of the school. From the first the school has sought to provide for the sons of professional men in Liverpool a public school education on the traditional lines laid down by the great public schools already existing, where sound learning was based upon a definitely religious foundation. The school has been continuously represented, as a public school, on the Headmasters' Conference since its first meeting at Uppingham in 1869. As many of your readers will remember, we celebrated our centenary on October 22 last year, when Lord Derby, our President, was with us, thus affording a direct link with his grandfather, Lord Stanley, who had laid the foundation stone 100 years before. (Lord Derby himself was nearly killed by an Army lorry which collided with his car when he was on his way to our service, to which he gallantly continued his journey, though much shaken.)

We gladly acknowledge that our distinguished contemporary, Cheltenham College, has the honour of being the first Victorian public school to open its doors to pupils, as it did 100 years ago next Tuesday. We have recently sent them our sympathy and congratulations on the successful celebration of their centenary despite the difficulties of war. It is to be hoped that Marlborough (founded in 1843) and Rossall (founded in 1844) will have the good fortune to celebrate their own centenaries, as early Victorian public schools, during the happier days of peace.—R. W. HOWARD, Headmaster, Liverpool College.



ALDERSEND ROMANCE SITS UP



HERSTMONCEUX MILL ON ITS ELEVATION



A THATCHED MEETING-HOUSE

**WHEN NEIGHBOURS QUARREL**

SIR.—There is a good story told regarding the old mill, now incomplete, at Windmill Hill, Herstmonceux, Sussex. The mill is mounted on a peculiarly constructed double round house. The story goes that the miller quarrelled with his neighbour, who swore he would prevent the wind from turning the sails of the mill. Consequently he set a row of trees to windward, which eventually grew tall enough to effect his desire. The miller defeated this plan by lifting his mill higher by the simple method of raising it bodily on a second supporting round house.—GRIST.

**A TALE OF TWO BULLFINCHES**

SIR.—This story of a tame and wild bullfinch may be of interest to some of your readers. Not long before the war started I had a pair of these lovely birds whom I kept in a large cage in front of a landing window. Last autumn, unfortunately, the cock bird died and, owing to difficulties of obtaining seed, etc., I decided not to replace him for the time being. This spring my poor little widow became restless and cried plaintively—possibly for a husband. This worried me not a little, and I longed to set her free, but was told by my friends that she would be unable to find food and water for herself, always having had it provided.

One evening about two weeks ago, to my intense surprise and joy, I found a cock bird sitting on her cage. I caught him without difficulty and put him in with her, and next morning moved them both out to an aviary. The hen's happiness was delightful to watch; she "busied" about carrying grasses and moss which I had collected for her, and her note was now one of joy. The cock too seemed to settle down quite quickly to his new surroundings. After a week I decided to let them out, and not without some anxiety opened the door and sat some way off to watch. The cock flew out first, but did not seem to be in any hurry to escape. The hen did not follow for some hours, and I greatly feared she would be unable to find her new friend and once more become a lonely widow. I did not see them any more that day, but they were seen early next morning by the gardener sitting in the aviary. This was a great relief, as it not only meant they were together, but that they might stay in the neighbourhood. That evening I watched the hen having a bath in the aviary while the cock sat on a dahlia plant a few yards away, the sun shining full on his lovely red breast. She is now sitting on a handful of moss I put for her, but I have not yet had the opportunity of seeing if she is seriously contemplating a family! Anyhow I feel that she is on the way to a happy new life.—M. BELL, Cedar Court, Alderton, Woodbridge.



MRS. TIT LOOKING OUT FROM HER STRANGE RESIDENCE



A CARPET OF WILD ANEMONES IN SEA WOOD, BARDSEA

**THE MEETING-HOUSE OF COME TO GOOD**

SIR.—The mention of Chapel Plaster in the issue for June 6 reminds me of a picturesque meeting-house in Cornwall. It is thatched and is in the delightfully named hamlet of Come To Good, just off the Truro-Falmouth road.

For 125 years the Friends have held services here as they still do once a month. Recently a couple were married here—the first wedding for over a century.

This unusual church replaces a converted barn, formerly used by the Friends of Come To Good.—DOROTHY KNOWLE, Somerset.

**A NEST IN A SKULL**

SIR.—The tit family has earned for itself the reputation of choosing more widely varying nesting places than any other birds.

I think you may be interested in the accompanying photograph which shows an even more grotesque choice than usual by a pair of blue tits.

The nest was in the brain cavity of the skull of an antelope fixed to the veranda of a house in Fife, and the parent birds usually perched on one of the sawn-off horns when bringing food to their young.—T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus.

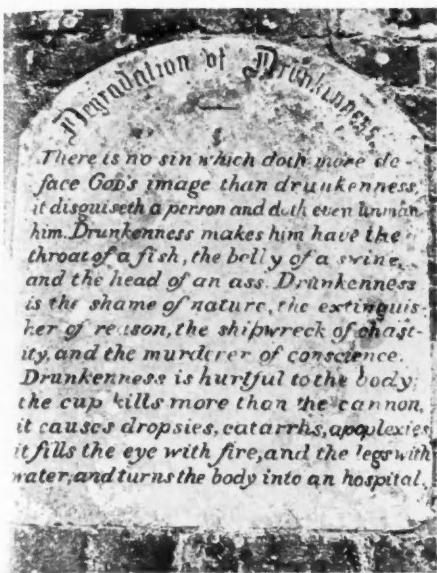
**WOAD SEED**

SIR.—The letter published in your issue of July 5 over my name has brought to me many much interested enquiries for the woad seed which I have collected from the original stock that was grown many years ago in this immediate neighbourhood.

I shall be pleased to forward to any of the numerous readers of your very good journal a sample of seed if they will enclose stamped addressed envelope.—CHAS. WASS, 43, Spalding Road, Holbeach, Lincolnshire.

**SHADE AND WILD FLOWERS**

SIR.—An interesting example of the effects of density of shade has been demonstrated near here in recent years. As its English name of wood anemone suggests, this is a flower which thrives in woodland, though of course it is by no means confined to woods. A few years ago, Sea Wood at Bardsea was drastically thinned, and the rather surprising result has been that small patches of *Anemone nemorosa* which used to be there have widened and spread until now there is almost solid carpet. The accompanying photograph shows—W. A. CHISLETT, Netherton, Croslands Park, Barrow-in-Furness.



ON THE VICARAGE WALL AT KIRDFORD, SUSSEX

## TOPERS BEWARE!

SIR.—Erected in the wall of the vicarage at Kirdford, Sussex, may be seen a stone inscribed with an alarming diatribe on the evils of strong drink. I enclose a photograph of it; possibly, however, your readers will think it more amusing than alarming.

It has been there for about 100 years, and tradition avers that it was placed there as a warning to the village toper.—P. H. LOVELL, 28, Albury Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.

## A HISTORIC LOSS

SIR.—When Bristol's St. Peter's Hospital was destroyed by the Nazis the city lost some of its civic treasures. Notable among these was a set of truncheons used to keep order during the riots of 1831. They were of wood and silver, with leather thongs.—F., Bristol.

## REMEMBERED WITH PERSIAN ROSES

SIR.—I enclose a photograph showing the little-known grave of Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Khayyam, in Boulge Churchyard, near Woodbridge, Suffolk. The rose-bush at the head of the grave is noteworthy, as an inscription on the attached label testifies: "This rose-tree raised in Kew Gardens from seed brought by William Simpson, artist-traveller, from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Naishapur, was planted by a few



A ROSE TREE FROM THE GRAVE OF OMAR KHAYYAM

admirers of Edward Fitzgerald in the name of the Omar Khayyam Club, 7th October, 1893."

Fitzgerald was born at Bredfield, less than one mile from Boulge.—POTTER.

## A FAMILY OF HURDLE-MAKERS

SIR.—Generations of Westbrooks have been making hurdles in North Hampshire, and families like the Westbrooks have a great deal of pride in the continuity of their craft. There was a Westbrook making hurdles in the village of Wield, near Alton, more than a century ago. His descendants pursue the craft to-day at Herriard, a village between Basingstoke and Alton.

Mr. Cuthbert Westbrook, who is seen in the picture, is 65, and he began learning the craft from his father when he was eight. His grandfather was a hurdle-maker, and so was his great-grandfather. His son, Mr. Thomas Westbrook, was released from the Army a short time ago to help him, so important and essential has the craft become in these days of agricultural stress.

The long, thin hazel rods out of which hurdles are made are usually less than an inch in diameter and it takes a skilled hand to split them lengthwise with a billhook. A good hurdle-maker can make 12 a day, or an average of five dozen a week. The Westbrooks turn out about 180 dozen a season.

Loads of hazel rods are sent every year from the village to the pottery districts for making crates.—A. MORRIS. Beech, Alton, Hampshire

## TWENTY-ONE MAGPIES

SIR.—In reply to a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of July 12 on "Nineteen Magpies," I am writing to say that two years ago I saw in one flock of magpies 21. The magpies seen were near Bedford, in the village of Ravensden. I recorded it in my diary because of it being so unusual, here in England at



THE HURDLE-MAKER AT WORK

appreciates the lovely covers—long may they continue. All good wishes.—EVELYN V. RUSSELL, Ladies' Town and County Club, 59, Harpur Street, Bedford.

## REPTON'S WINDOW AT UPPARK

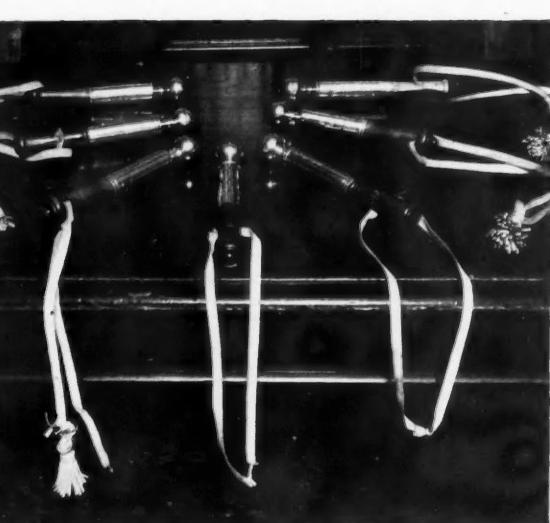
SIR.—Humphry Repton's window at Uppark and his comments upon the effect which he intended to produce, which I saw with great interest in COUNTRY LIFE, explain another singular work by him to which I have never seen any allusion.

In Babworth Church, near Retford in Nottinghamshire, is a monument which includes an emblematical scene painted on glass. Repton's name is carved upon the monument as its designer. I regret that I cannot after 14 years remember more details, and the note which I made at the time is not to hand.—J. E. K. ESDALE, The Windmill, Thurloxton, near Taunton, Somerset.

## CAREW CASTLE

SIR.—Wales is, of course, the land of castles, but there are few of them in such picturesque surroundings as that at Carew. This has not been inhabited since about 1690, and is now in ruins, but the view of it across the Milford Haven creek is well worth seeing. It was originally part of the dowry of Helen of Wales, afterwards the wife of Gerald de Windsor.

In 1507 a spectacular tournament was held in the grounds of this castle, and over 1,000 performers were there.—G. LESLIE HORN, 215, Elgin Avenue, W.9.



SILVER-MOUNTED TRUNCHEONS OF ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL

any rate. I have seen such flocks in France, in the Meuse district.

May I also say how very much I enjoy reading COUNTRY LIFE, and so do many others. One



CAREW CASTLE: LOOKING ACROSS MILFORD HAVEN CREEK

## A RURAL CHARTER—VII

## PRACTICAL FARMING SYSTEMS

By PROFESSOR J. A. SCOTT WATSON

[The next article in this series, on the subject of Livestock Policy, will also be by Professor J. A. Scott Watson. It will appear next week.]

**T**HREE are wide differences in agricultural conditions as between the various parts of Britain—differences of soil, rainfall, elevation, local markets and many more. This variety must always be reflected in a wide diversity of farming schemes. Moreover no farming system can be permanent; we must expect changes in consumer's demands, we must look to progressively rising wages and we must be ready to make practical use of new discoveries and inventions. It is therefore impossible to do more than suggest the broad differences that ought to be made as between the farming schemes of the early years of the new peace and those of the latter years of the old one, and to guess at the changes that may be called for in the more distant future.

How will post-war conditions differ from those of the last pre-war years? One thing for which we may confidently hope is a period of comparatively stable and reasonably remunerative prices, for it seems to be widely agreed that price stability must be a corner-stone of any long-term agricultural policy conceived in the real interests of the nation as a whole. Unless we can offer a fair reward to the farmer who is efficiently producing what the nation wants him to produce, he will be driven again to misuse his land in a constant struggle to save himself from bankruptcy. Secondly, in return for some form of guaranteed market, the country will feel that it has the right to demand efficient farming: it must take power to control the utilisation of the soil, and to dispossess either the owner or the tenant who refuses to put his land to proper use. Thirdly, we can expect better provision for research, technical education and advice: we must encourage progress and not merely command efficiency.

One effect of these conditions should be to encourage investment in agriculture, both by landowners and farmers. It is common knowledge that many agricultural developments have been prevented, during the past twenty years, because there seemed to be no security for the capital that they would have required.

Another effect should be to enable farmers again to think ahead—to plan complete rotations instead of having to chop and change their cropping policies with every change of direction of the economic storm. What rotations shall we plan?

In those wide areas where arable cultivation, once common, had declined so greatly before the war, the case for a return to the plough is overwhelming. The tractor has made possible vast savings in the cost of tillage of the more difficult soils; phosphate, which is the key raw material for productive alternate husbandry, will probably remain cheap in relation to the price of farm produce; the new strains of pasture plants, and the growing knowledge of pasture making, already enable us to make leys that are vastly more productive than the general run of permanent grass on similar land. In some districts, indeed, wireworm infestation remains as a serious obstacle to ley farming, but there are signs that the problem is already yielding to research. There are, too, of course, wide expanses of upland and mountain grazings that are unlikely, under any economic condition that we can foresee, to be able to bear the expense of tillage and seed; we may perhaps plough odd bits of land where the plough never yet ran; but we should remember that our grandfathers prospected the country very exhaustively for arable acres, and it seems that they missed very few.

## LEY FARMING

Ley farming is a very comprehensive term. At the one extreme it may mean no more than occasional ploughing, liming, manuring and reseeding of pasture; at the other we may have rotations with three or four arable crops and only two years' grass. But the spread of ley farming, of one sort or another, ought to bring about a really vast reduction in our acreage of permanent grass.

The writer cannot bring himself to accept the converse hypothesis—that longer leys are generally desirable in areas where soil and climate are really suitable for arable cropping and where, even under all the difficulties of the past twenty years, farmers have stuck to the plough. Stapledon has suggested that much

of this land is "plough-sick," and that a ley would bring it again into good heart. Most would agree that a lot of our old arable was very sick indeed in the years before the war; but it is at least arguable that what it needed was not so much a rest from arable crops as more and better tillage, and a far more liberal use of fertilisers.

Probably none would argue the case for leys under all conditions; it would, for instance, be a gross waste of Nature's bounty to grow grass—even the best grass—on the silt-lands of Lincolnshire which, so far as present indications go, may go on producing great crops of potatoes, wheat, sugar beet and vegetables for an indefinite time. But even the ordinary light-to-medium land of the eastern, southern and midland counties is really better adapted for continuous arable cropping than for ley farming. Temporary grass in these dry countries produces, in fact, a good flush of growth in spring, but over a run of years the total production of keep is low, and a big reserve of arable forage crops is needed to carry stock over periods of summer drought. Moreover the store of fertility laid up by the drought-harassed sward is relatively small. We have not yet learnt to produce good leys on the lighter soils in the low-rainfall districts. It might indeed be possible to breed a new range of more drought-resistant herbage plants and to produce tolerable pastures in spite of the climate; but this would seem to be little better than a misuse of some of the best corn land in the world.

It seems to the writer that, for these traditionally arable districts, we should first think back to the old Norfolk four-course, and then cast our minds forward to the lively new circumstances—high wages, efficient all-purpose tractors and abundant and cheap fertilisers—and consider how the old scheme may best be brought up to date.

Strong land in dry country is of course another matter. Here we can hardly think back to the old system of wheat, beans and bare fallow; and in fact useful swards of ryegrass and wild white clover can be maintained on such land for at least three years, and the ploughing in of the turf notably improves the workability of the soil over a period of three years more. The alternation of a three-year ley with an equal period under wheat, oats, beans, silage mixtures, etc. (but of course mainly wheat) can be maintained with only occasional resort to bare fallow, and in many cases without serious trouble from wireworm. I believe that the "three year out and three year in" (to quote a Scottish proverb) should be rather strictly adhered to. If the ley is left down longer, the sward is apt to deteriorate and wireworm to increase dangerously; and if three years of arable cultivation are exceeded, there is often difficulty in re-establishing grass.

## THE ROOT CROP

To return to the lighter land, the crux of the problem is the root crop. Roots are valuable when feeding-stuffs are scarce because they produce big yields, reckoned in terms of feeding values, per acre. But roots in general (and so far as the south country is concerned turnips and swedes in particular) were becoming increasingly unprofitable in the years between the two wars—for the reason that wages rose while the man power requirements of the crop remained high. Supposing that farm-workers' wages rise—as they ought to rise—to a level comparable with those in other industries, shall we be able to pay men to hoe and pull roots, to fold sheep, and to cart nine tons of water with every ton of food from field to yard, and still produce winter beef and mutton at prices that the consumer may reasonably be asked to pay? It would seem that we must either find real labour-saving methods of root growing or else that we must be content to see our root acreage dwindle still more rapidly.

The problem of labour saving is difficult. The row-crop tractor takes us but a little way. The Danes have their root harvesters which are a help, especially in the case of swedes. But



THE ROOT CROP IS THE CRUX OF THE LEY PROBLEM ON LIGHTER LAND  
But their man-power requirements are high. Shall we be able to pay for pulling, singling and carting?

# YOUR LAST CHANCE

**to make sure of**

# WINTER FEED



USE A CONTAINER. Silage making in a container is the safest method. It gives high-quality substitute for cake.



IT'S EASY TO MAKE. Pack freshly-cut grass into container. Tread thoroughly and evenly as you go. Sprinkle each layer with diluted molasses.



SILAGE FROM 1 ACRE. Each acre of reasonably good grass will yield about 3 tons of silage—more if top-dressed.



ONE SILO—6 COWS. One 15 ft. silo, with settled depth of 7 ft. provides 20 tons grass silage... sufficient along with hay or other fodder crops for 6 cows yielding 2 gals. daily for 6 months.

Milk is essential to the Nation's health and yields must be kept up. Your problem in the winter will be a grave shortage of cake: first-quality silage solves this problem. But time is short. To make silage from your aftermath, ACT AT ONCE.

- ORDER YOUR MOLASSES NOW

- TOP-DRESS WITH SULPHATE OF AMMONIA  
TO GET A GOOD AFTERMATH

- ATTEND A SILAGE DEMONSTRATION.

WATCH YOUR LOCAL PRESS  
FOR DETAILS

- MAKE SECOND AND  
THIRD-QUALITY SILAGE  
IN CLAMP, PIT  
OR STACK

Send for free leaflet—"Silage—how to make and feed it," to The Ministry of Agriculture, Hotel Lindum, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.



NOTE : The Government distribution allowance of 28/- per ton on July orders for Sulphate of Ammonia was withdrawn as from July 22nd.

# .. do YOU know the answers?



1 What is the straw pulp process?

A method of making concentrated food out of something that is practically valueless except as bedding. Each ton of dry straw is given the feeding value of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  tons mangolds,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons swedes or  $10\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. crushed oats.

2 How is straw pulp made?

By steeping chopped straw, chaff and cavings for several hours in a weak solution of caustic soda and water and then washing the resultant pulp in running water.

3 How does the process improve the straw?

Caustic soda breaks down the hard fibres, dissolves the indigestible matter and turns all straw, chaff and cavings into good starchy food.

4 Is the process suitable for any farm?

No. A good water supply is essential.

5 Does the process need much labour?

No. About one man-hour for each batch of 200 lb of dry straw.

6 What is the cost of pulping one ton of dry straw?

Ten man-hours labour plus about 35/- for caustic soda, plus water charge.

## MAKE STRAW PULP THIS WINTER!

there remain the laborious tasks of singling and carting.

How far can we reduce our root acreage and our livestock numbers, and increase our proportion of corn, while still keeping our land clean and in good heart? The answer in the particular case depends of course on the particular circumstances. It has sometimes been said that these reductions are the beginning of the end of sound farming. Often enough they have been the beginning of the end of the farmer. But in many cases the farmer has not made the necessary consequential changes in his scheme. These are mainly two. On the one hand there must be a considerable increase in tractor power, in order that tillage may be more thorough and that every opportunity of weed control may be seized. On the other, we must think of a much higher level of artificial manuring.

#### A SCHEME FOR 500 ACRES

The writer happens to have had, for ten years past, the control of some 500 arable acres which had long been farmed on the traditional sheep-and-bullock system, and he has now reached a farming scheme that seems capable, at any reasonable price level, of maintaining a considerable output, of paying good wages, of keeping the land in fair good heart and of leaving a profit. The rotation is not observed at all, and the law of the Medes, but the general scheme is as follows:

Two successive wheat crops follow one year's seeds, and the second is followed in turn by barley or oats. The spring corn is succeeded by a mixed collection of potatoes, mangolds, kale and green vegetables, with generally a patch or two of bare fallow. Then follow two more corn crops, the second of which is undersown with seeds. The latter are cut for hay, and the aftermath is ploughed in as green manure. Thus five-sevenths of the land is in cereals, one-seventh in seeds and one-seventh in



#### THERE MUST BE AN INCREASE IN TRACTOR POWER IN ORDER THAT TILLAGE MAY BE MORE THOROUGH

This new type of track increases adhesion and reduces the loss of power involved by driving in the heavy strakes on many types of track and wheel

green crops or fallow. The livestock consists of no more than 30 or 40 winter-feeding bullocks and a herd of pigs which had a peace-time strength of about 500 head.

Such a scheme may go farther than is necessary in the direction of labour saving, and

possibly farther than would be wise on some soils, in concentrating on cereals. But root growing, bullock feeding and sheep folding have long been recognised as necessary evils on typical corn farms. Under modern conditions they are becoming more evil but less necessary.

## HALF-WAY THROUGH THE FLAT SEASON MEDIocre THREE-YEAR-OLDS AND PROMISING TWO-YEAR-OLDS

THE termination of an Ascot meeting, whether it is in peace-time at its natural home on the Royal heath or under the present conditions at its adopted one at Newmarket, marks the half-way house of a racing season and affords an opportunity of reviewing what has passed and of speculating upon the future. Considering the multitudinous difficulties that have been encountered, what has transpired in every section of the bloodstock world—racing, sales or breeding—has been eminently satisfactory; the outlook for the future, despite a further curtailment of racing, comes into the same category. The pity is that, at the moment, it is hard if not impossible to pick out a three-year-old whose name in time to come will be linked up with the year 1941. True there is the substitute St. Leger, which is to be run for at Manchester on Saturday, September 6, to be decided, but save for the very unlikely event of either Lambert Simnel adding to his "Guineas" victory or Owen Tudor repeating his Derby triumph, a newcomer will make his début as a classic winner. When this sort of thing occurs it invariably means that the year under notice is not a vintage one; neither Lambert Simnel nor Owen Tudor can, by the highest flights of imagination, be regarded as a first-class racehorse; what beats them, as something assuredly will, will probably be something they have already beaten; *ipso facto* the winner cannot, for want of a better definition, be termed a "star turn."

On these or similar occasions it is usual to turn to the fillies, as in September the members of this sex are usually at their best, but, unfortunately, the Oaks winner Commotion was not entered; Dancing Time, who failed in Commotion's race through lack of stamina, is accepted but seems unlikely to get the extra chance, and the best of the others left in are Takan, a daughter of the St. Leger winner Idaussi, who has run in very genuine fashion, and Mr. Hirst's Sempronio who is a half-sister, Colombo, to the Ascot Gold Cup winner Erius. Neither of these is a particularly

attractive proposition, and the winner seems more likely, just now, to emanate from such as Devonian, Cuerdley, Firoze Din or Sollum, the last of whom has been for some time the subject of persistent whispers.

By the St. Leger winner Solaro (Gainsborough) from Micmac, a half-sister by the Derby winner Sansovino to Fancy Free, Pommadin and Celebrate, Sollum, then known as Solmac, was bought as a yearling by the late Sir Abe Bailey from his breeder, Mrs. Rowley Rank, and after running once last season, without success, was knocked down at the December auction to Lord Hirst for 2,400gs. Like most of his sire's get, a colt who has been slow to develop, he might create a surprise, as might Firoze Din who, seemingly, came from nowhere to fill the third place behind Owen Tudor and Morogoro in the Derby. Like Sollum a sale-ring purchase, he is by the St. Leger victor Fairway from La Voulzie, she by Teddy from a half-sister to the Oaks victress, Brownhylda. The Aga Khan bred this colt; George Todd bought him, on behalf of Sir William Jury, for 1,200gs., and trains him at East Ilsley. Devonian and Cuerdley have been the subjects of mention before. The former, who belongs to Lord Glanely and hails from Joe Lawson's Manton stable, is by the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion from Glorious Devon, a Pommern mare; Cuerdley, who was bred and is owned by Sir Richard Brooke and is trained by Willie Jarvis at Newmarket, claims Blenheim's half-brother King Salmon as his sire and is from Fawsley, an Irish-bred daughter of the Derby winner Sansovino.

At that the three-year-olds and, incidentally, the "New" St. Leger, can be left for the time being, and some reference made to the two-year-olds, who are seemingly as good as their elder brothers and sisters are mediocre. Nothing could be more satisfactory at the moment than the fact that the best colt, in Big Game, and the best filly, in Sun Chariot, run in the Royal livery and have been leased by the King from the National Stud for their racing

careers. Mention of the breeding of them was made in a recent article; here it must suffice to say that Big Game is by the triple-crown winner Bahram from Myrobella, a Tetrataenia mare of the same line which has been responsible for so much of Lord Derby's success, and Sun Chariot is a daughter of the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion and is out of Clarence, she by Diligence from Nun's Veil a half-sister by White Eagle to the dam of Blandford. Just possibly Big Game shows a greater superiority to the rest of his sex than Sun Chariot does to those of hers, but this may be only temporary as he has yet to meet some of the best, and a race between him and, say, Ujiji and Shah Rookh would be a most informative contest.

Unfortunately there is little chance of this materialising as they are two of the eleven which Mr. Allnatt bought from the Aga Khan as yearlings, for 400gs. each, when making his début into the racing world last season. Both are exceptionally nice colts with plenty of reach and the best of understandings. Ujiji claims the Jockey Club Stakes and Champion Stakes winner Umidwar as his sire and for his dam the Falmouth Stakes and Irish Oaks heroine Theresina, she by Diophon out of Teresina, a Tracery mare who won the Goodwood Cup and the Jockey Club Stakes. Shah Rookh is by the triple-crown winner Bahram out of Farmood an own-sister to Le Phare (Phalaris-Eagle Snipe) and dam of Firozeppore.

A return to these and other youngsters will be made in due course. Meanwhile it should be noted that the Jockey Club, after consultation with the Government, have issued a list of fixtures for September, October and the first week in November, which indicates that there will be two-day mid-week meetings in alternate weeks at Newmarket with a single one-day meeting at some other venue on a Saturday in those weeks and two single-day meetings on the Saturdays of the weeks in which there is no racing at Newmarket. The curtailment is certainly drastic, but we are getting used to rationing, and it is better to be rationed than get none at all.

ROYSTON.

## FARMING NOTES

# THE SMALL FARMER AND HIS ARABLE

**R**AIN came just in time in July to add an extra sack of corn to the acre and give the root crops the start they were wanting. Where arable land has been done well, this season's crops will not cause many disappointments. In the spring it looked as if we were in for a very difficult time. The corn stood still for three weeks. Then we had some rain to give it a start, followed by a spell of baking sunshine which is just what wheat likes in June. The young root plants had a thin time with the drought and the flea beetle. Many of us had to sow kale three times, but now, since the July rain, it is well away and we shall get the green fodder we shall want next winter to make up the cattle rations.

One of the most pleasing things about farming to-day is the pride which many small farmers have in their new arable crops. In the years of peace the cow-keeper did little more than graze his cows and pay the cake merchant's bill. To-day he has to grow a large part of the winter ration for his cows and, willy-nilly, this has made him an arable farmer. Some of the finest crops of oats I have seen this summer are on small dairy farms where the plough had not moved for 20 years. The farmer may not have been able to do the cultivations himself but he hired the county committee's tractors on contract and they ploughed, cultivated and sowed his land for him. Nevertheless, he feels a real pride in achievement as he shows you his oat crop. The failures, and there have been some, are due in my estimation mainly to bad cultivations. I passed one field of oats last week which was thin and spindly. It had never got properly established. The trouble was not wireworm; it was clear enough that the furrows had never been broken down. It looked as if the seed had been broadcast on the plough furrows and then left, or just given a light harrowing. No wonder the oat plants in a hard-packed soil had made little growth.

IT is a problem to get sound advice on cultivations round to all these small farmers who for the first time are tackling arable land. One county has appointed cultivation foremen for each of its districts. They are the type of men who can in a friendly way give useful tips to the novices in arable farming. This seems to me a very useful innovation which should bear fruit in better crops where there are failures or partial failures this year. But taking the country by and large, the proportion of failures is small. It probably does not amount to more than 5 per cent. For the rest, the crops on newly broken land are well up to the average.

Wireworm is still blamed unjustly for a lot of mischief. Yet there are fields which have a very high wireworm population, as shown by the wireworm counts which the advisory centres will now make for any farmer who is ploughing up old grassland and suspects trouble with wireworm. If the field is heavily infested and local experience indicates that wireworm may really be a serious cause of trouble to corn crops in the first or second year after ploughing out of grass, it is a useful tip to grow flax there. Many of us have been growing flax for the first time this season, and I think the general experience is that the crop is fairly easy to grow and promises to give quite a satisfactory return. It is not affected by wireworm, and rabbits do not like it. More flax will be needed for the 1942 harvest and those who are worried about wireworm and are not too far away from one of the Ministry of Supply's flax factories can safeguard themselves by growing flax on the land which is heavily infested with wireworm. At the same time, these wireworm counts can be misleading. I know of one farmer who ploughed and sowed his field with oats before he got a return from the advisory centre which showed a phenomenal wireworm count. The advice accompanying the return was that this field was unlikely to grow a satisfactory crop

of corn. In fact the oats are coming through to harvest extraordinarily well and look like giving 18 or 20 sacks to the acre.

**M**R. HUDSON has warned us that he wants to get another 2,000,000 acres under the plough in 1942. This will make an extra 6,000,000 acres in all since the beginning of the war. Not all of this land will be under corn, potatoes, roots, and other arable crops. Some of the 6,000,000 acres will be in temporary grass and clovers. It is by taking the plough round the farm, breaking into old pastures and releasing some of the existing arable land for temporary leys that we can best maintain a high rate of production from the whole farm. These temporary leys will give two or three times as much herbage as permanent grass. Growth goes on for longer in the year and the herbage is more nutritious. This is a generalisation, and there are, of course, some permanent pastures which are highly productive, but there is no question that we shall find another 2,000,000 acres and more, which, when it comes under the plough, will give a worth-while increase in food production.

**T**HE job the farming community is tackling gets bigger and bigger. With more arable land to manage we shall have to get started in extra good time with autumn ploughing. In the eastern counties last harvest I noticed that the plough had gone into some stubbles while the stocks were still standing. The farmer was determined to get a flying start with his autumn ploughing. This is an example which might very well be followed more widely this season. The more cultivations we can get through in the autumn the less pressure there is in the spring when most of us are at our wits' end to get through all the seasonal work that is crying out to be done.

CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# NOTABLE ESSEX AND SUSSEX SALES

**T**HE preliminary enquiries for copies of the particulars and conditions of sale of the Sussex property of the late Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., having exceeded anything within the considerable experience of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the probability of a successful auction seemed a safe prediction.

It was more than fulfilled at Chichester, for buyers from all parts of the country attended, either themselves or their agents, and from start to finish the running, figuratively speaking, was as good as it should be in the neighbourhood of Goodwood. Maybe the proximity of the property to that famous resort of the racing and social world partly accounted for the keenness of the competition. In normal times the demand for seasonal accommodation in that part of Sussex yields so good a rent that it makes the going easy in a financial sense for the rest of the year, so far as the annual expense of occupying a house is concerned. Some possible buyers, perhaps, were attracted to the sale in the belief that the farming possibilities of the South Downs (almost a discovery in recent years) are only one of the elements of value, seeing that, in the agents' words, "one of the most favoured and unspoilt districts in the whole country" has its amenities ensured by the Downland Preservation Scheme. Much of the Lavington Park land is within the ambit of that scheme.

Mr. Alfred J. Baker occupied the rostrum, and sold all except three little lots. The 19 lots changed hands for a total of £29,950. Mrs. Wallace intends to keep the mansion and the park. One of the most interesting lots was the exceedingly beautiful buildings, brick and half-timbered, known as Rectory Cottages, Graffham, apparently of Elizabethan origin. These were described as "capable of conversion into a superior residence." With 13 or 14 acres of pasture, and a woodland belt, they realised £2,300.

### LARGE ACREAGES SOLD

**S**ALES by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. include about 1,000 acres in the valley of the Tean, near Uttoxeter, to a client of Messrs. Lane, Saville and Co.; Rainscombe Park, a Georgian house and 430 acres, at Marlborough; and, to a client of Messrs. Pink and Arnold, Bradley Head Farm, Milbourne

Port, Somersetshire, having a total area of 530 acres. Sussex transactions by Messrs. Jarvis and Co. include the sale, with Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Warrenwood, Chailey, a freehold of approximately 20 acres.

### GUY'S HOSPITAL AS VENDORS IN ESSEX

**A**CTING on behalf of the Governors of Guy's Hospital, Messrs. Strutt and Parker, the managing agents, and Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons sold so much of the land that they were to have offered for public competition at Chelmsford that the arrangement for holding the auction at the Shire Hall was cancelled. Instead the two firms transferred the auction to the spacious room of the old Three Cups Hotel at Colchester. There the total realisations amounted to £8,650.

The entire estate of 3,100 acres has, by private negotiation or otherwise, thus passed out of the possession of Guy's Hospital. It is in many ways a matter of regret to see that ancient foundation parting with its real estate in the northern part of Essex, but the Governors are confronted with problems that call for exceptional steps towards their solution, and the time is favourable for the conversion of agricultural land into cash. What an estate it was, embracing large farms, let to tenants of long standing, at rents of a most reasonable figure.

The land lies along the upper reaches of the Blackwater, eight miles north-east of Dunmow, and includes New Moze Hall Farm, Beaumont-cum-Moze, Pond Park Farm, and Little Leighs, all of which have been tenanted for a long period by the best type of long-established Essex farmers; some parts also have been in hand, and are now ready for immediate entry and cultivation by the buyers. These include Old Park Farm, Lawn Hall Farm, Bushett Farm, Fanns Farm, and Little Lodge Farm, all in Great Bardfield, and the sale includes also Great Bardfield Hall. A large quantity of fairly good timber growing on the estate enhanced its marketable attractions.

In recent years Essex has probably seen more changes in ownership and cultivation of land than almost any other county, and notably the advent

some years ago of a great number of Scottish farmers. The county, like agriculture in general, owes much to the pioneer efforts of that famous Victorian experimenter, Mecchi, whose mercantile fortune was exhausted in Essex farming. However, that paved the way for the Tiptree enterprise in fruit farming and jam-making now so successfully conducted by Messrs. Wilkin and Sons, Limited. Another aspect of Essex changes is the disappearance of so many of the splendid old mansions that formerly attested the residential favour in which the county was held. Happily some famous examples still stand.

### AN EAST KENT ABBEY

**M**RS. J. EGERTON QUESTED, the principal breeder and exhibitor of Romney Marsh sheep, is selling Langdon Abbey Farm, just over a square mile near Dover. Included is the Abbey, founded 950 years ago, and dissolved in 1535 by Henry VIII. *Archæologia Cantiana* (Vol. XV) contains an account of the Abbey and plans, and parts of the ancient structure are still visible in the vicinity of the farm buildings.

Romney Marsh sheep from Alderman Quested's flocks have been a national asset, inasmuch as they have been exported to all parts of the world, the special qualities of the breed being such as to fit them either for use as a pure breed or for the improvement of strains wherever sheep could thrive.

Mr. Alfred J. Burrows, in his encyclopedic account of the history and present possibilities of Romney Marsh, has much to say of the sheep that are its chief feature to-day. It is fitting, therefore, that, however much he may deplore the necessity of seeing a reduction of the outlying acreage under Mr. Quested's control, his firm's Ashford office (Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons) should be entrusted with the task of selling Langdon Abbey. Circumstances, to which it is not necessary to refer in detail, naturally make property in this particular locality rather difficult to deal with at the moment, for it is in a coastal area that is much in the news just now. From the point of view of a possible buyer, who can take a long view and a bold view, this may, however, be a consideration, tending towards an advantageous deal.

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## CHINESE ART IN YORKSHIRE

**H**ARROGATE, eminent among English spas, with its fine setting of Yorkshire moorland and its excellent civic buildings, is essentially the sort of place (in the words of an historian of modern Yorkshire) in which "one expects to meet Aristocracy at every street corner and dine with Plutocrats every evening." I confess I had never thought of it quite in those terms before, but of course it is. The municipality would have failed in their business if it was not. True, these delightful expectations may not be gratified nowadays. I hate to think how long it is since I dined with a plutocrat—and now that particular one, poor fellow, is trying to make both ends meet in a cottage. Aristocracy, of course, is another thing. The civil servants of my acquaintance are scattered among half a dozen resorts and quite a number may well be met with round the corner at Harrogate.

Seriously, though, Harrogate is an ideal provincial centre for war-time exhibitions of those arts hitherto over-concentrated in London. More than one well known London art dealer has first established his business there: I am thinking especially of the late Mr. Ogden of Duke Street, St. James's, whose personal collection of Egyptian and other antiquities was one of the best in Yorkshire. And, war or no war, it is the very place in the late summer for an exhibition of works of art by Mr. John Sparks, who held last year a very successful exhibition at another Yorkshire centre, Temple Newsam, near Leeds. He is showing some specimens of his large collection here. As in his earlier exhibitions in London, a wide range of date is covered and there is an accent on the earliest art of China as exemplified in excavated bronzes. Two examples of early bronzes are interesting both from their quality and the presence of inscriptions. One, a large bronze vessel of the *hu* class, is enriched by boldly drawn and deeply cut conventional decoration, and has two handles formed of stylised animal heads. The inscription, sunk inside the neck, states that it was made by the younger son of the "Grand Master." The date of its casting was probably about the ninth century B.C. A circular vessel (*Kuei*) with a cover, both decorated with deep horizontal



1.—BISCUIT FIGURE OF SHOU LAO  
Ming Dynasty, A.D. 1386-1644

grooves, has an inscription cut on both vessel and cover to the effect that the bronze was made for a princess from Tsê by the Earl of San. The vessel also probably dates about the ninth century B.C.

There are some specimens of the fresh and vital figure-sculpture of the T'ang dynasty, in the form of excavated tomb figures, and among them are to be noted a figure of a Court lady with a fine headdress, and a pair of seated musicians with lutes, which are attractively modelled and show traces of coloured pigments. A porcelain pillow of T'zu Chow ware, of the Sung dynasty, is painted by an artist of the name of Pun, in black on a rich cream-coloured glaze. In the biscuit figure of Shou Lao, the god of Longevity (Fig. 1), the sage is seated on a separate rocky base, showing his attendant deer in relief. The figure dates from the Ming dynasty. Later Chinese art is also well represented.

In the section of carved jade and Canton enamel there are many examples of the late eighteenth-century Chinese art. There is a Canton enamel plate with ruby back and delicate decoration in *famille rose* enamels consisting of a figure subject in the centre of an aubergine border. Among the jade there are some specimens of the archaic tendency in the reign of the Emperor Chi'en Lung in which early bronze forms were closely copied. The incense-burner (Fig. 3), an example of the bronze style, is in translucent greenish white jade.

### ENGLISH SILVER

The collection of silver, the property of Mrs. Sydney Loder, which comes up for sale at Messrs. Christie's on August 13, includes some interesting early Jacobean silver, among them a silver-gilt steeple cup (1604) with its bowl and cover engraved with a design of scrolling grapes on a matted ground. The cover is surmounted by a triangular steeple finishing in a crescent; the foot is engraved with foliage. This cup, which comes from the collection of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, was shown at Seaford House in 1929, where so much fine English



2.—SILVER FLAGON, 1674  
From the collection of Mrs. Sydney Loder  
(Christie's, August 13)

silver was exhibited. Of the same early period is a sweetmeat box (1610) formed as an escarp shell. In this collection there are also two rare Charles I goblets (1640 and 1634) and a plain Commonwealth tankard (1659), having its barrel engraved with an inscription recording its gift by Sir Thomas Hampson to the "Maior, Bailiffes & Comenalties of the Cittie of Oxon for the use of the Master & Wardens of the Compaine of Tailors." This tankard was also shown at Seaford House. Another fine piece is flagon (1674) with its barrel and skirt chased with acanthus foliage (Fig. 2) and bearing the maker's mark M with a fleur-de-lis and two pellets below in a shape shield. There is also a plain inkstand (1703) by the Huguenot silversmith David Willaume; and a good monteith (1693) by Benjamin Pyne. The sale closes with a series of early English spoons formerly in the Trapnell collection.

### THE LATE MR. MOSS HARRIS

The antique furniture business began in the early '80s. The late Mr. Moss Harris (whose recent death is regretted by a very wide circle of friends and collectors) was buying antiques 60 years ago, in particular for Sir Blundell Maple. In 1898 he acquired the business of J. L. Isaacs, and soon developed its antique side, more especially in French furniture. After 1914 he concentrated on fine English furniture, and most of the principal collections contain pieces that passed through his hands, especially those of the late Lord Leverhulme, the late Perceval

Griffiths, Mr. Frank Green, Mr. C. H. Cuthbertson, and Mrs. Gubbay. Among the famous things that have passed through the New Oxford Street Galleries are the Holme Lacy Chinese Chippendale pagoda china cabinet, Byron's table—a George I walnut knee-hole desk—and the celebrated Fruiterers' Chair. It is worth recording that Mr. Harris, acting for Mrs. Chester Beatty, gave 11,000gs. for a late Stuart silver-gilt dressing-table, mirror and pair of *torcheres*. He was the most prolific buyer of French and English furniture in London or the provinces, and his knowledge and experience were regarded as a by-word. Queen Mary, the Duke of Windsor, and the Duke of Kent were among his frequent visitors. J. DE SERRE.



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## THERE IS PLENTY

*But it is wise to*

**M**AKING-DO is patriotic and economical in a great many instances, and even to delay the purchase of something new very often gives one a feeling of virtue. The situation, however, is not so easily dealt with; clear thinking, and thinking not only for to-day or even for this year but for some time ahead, is what is needed. Take the question of providing oneself with sufficient warm clothes for the winter, a matter of elementary common sense, for it will be no help to the country's war effort to become a prey to chills and colds for the lack of them. Without making too great demands there will probably be for most of us some absolutely necessary purchases of woollen things to be made—underwear, suit or overcoat, to name only three essential types of clothing. That point decided, how does

the situation stand with regard to wool, and is there any reason why one should buy now rather than later on?

To take the wool situation first: I am assured on the very best authority that there is plenty of wool; it is not scarce at all, but—this is the crux of the matter—shipping space is valuable: only a part of the great clip of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa can be brought over here, and the first call on all that is brought must be for the Services. The International Wool Secretariat had a very interesting exhibition dealing with this at Bush House recently—to quote just a few of their figures, the service kit of one soldier contains 40lb. of wool, about five times as much as he would have needed as a civilian. Sailors and airmen, exposed to the rigours of air and sea, need extra heavy clothes—a sailor's duffel coat alone, for instance, uses 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of wool and each sea-boot stocking  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Each Home Guard needs 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of wool, and that means about 14,000,000lb. for the whole force.

The little picture at the head of this page illustrates some of the demands that women are making on wool. The A.T.S., W.A.F., W.R.N.S., W.M.T.C., and Land Girls all need it for their uniforms; the two great nursing organisations, St. John and the Red Cross, have overcoats in wool, and the Civil Nursing Reserve coats in a wool mixture, while the W.V.S. has 900,000 members of whom 700,000 wear uniform representing about 5,000,000lb. of wool.

It is perfectly evident that if we want all this in our uniforms we cannot also have as much as we like for ordinary wear, and this explains why the coupon value of woollen clothes is high, why there will be less choice among them as the months go on, why only necessary woollen clothes should be bought, and why, if possible, if they are to be attractive and to last long, they should be bought as soon as possible.

I have chosen at Messrs. Gorringe's (Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1) two examples of this season's woollen overcoats, very smart and becoming garments which represent in their different ways good value and good service—for both, if the exigencies of war demand it of us, could be worn for more than one season, for they are excellently tailored in very good materials. At present the choice of colours is good in both of them.

### WINTER COATS IN WOOL

To the left an exquisitely tailored fitting coat in grey pure llama; to the right a loose, most comfortable overcoat in moonlight blue camacurl



## OF WOOL TO-DAY

*buy woollens now*

One other thought about wool: the present situation demands that the greatest care should be taken in washing woollens, shrinking even more than wear is the cause of our continual need to replenish our stocks, and much of this can be obviated by care in washing. It could be entirely obviated if, as well as that, wool treated by the new chemical processes were used, as it is for all Army socks and underwear.

\* \* \*

I was glad to find the Portsmouth Club (12, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1), started for women officers in the last war, still carrying on when recently Sir George Franckenstein spoke there. He described most movingly "the queer intuition of release" that in 1918 ran through occupied Belgium. May it soon be felt again!

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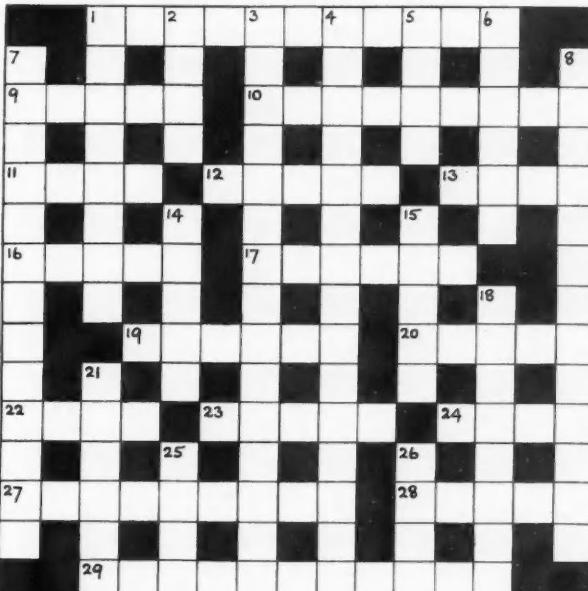
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28. How to break a lance (5)  
29. "Stir my bread" (anagr.) (two words, 6, 5)

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